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THE THREE GRACES;

OR,

MARRIED IN THE DARK.

BY W. STEPHENS HAYWARD.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK ANGEL"—"STAR OF THE SOUTH"—"FIERY CROSS"—"LOVE AGAINST THE WORLD"—"FLAW IN THE GEM"—"ETHEL GREY," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

The words were scarcely out of her mouth than the door opened, and the servant entering, gave Caroline a card.

"Mr. George Agate."

She read it aloud.

Blanche laughed, and clapped her hands.

"Bravo! here is the evil spirit. I welcome him for one. He is always in good temper if he is an evil spirit. So, Carry dear, do please let us have him up."

"Certainly. Why not? Agate is a friend of my brother's."

"Oh, indeed," said Juliet, with affected demureness. "So that is the magic pass-word. Heigh ho! I wish I had a brother, and then young men could call on me. I could say—'Certainly—he is a friend of my brother's.'"

Caroline colored again, and her lip quivered.

This random shaft seemed to have gone home, for she made no reply, but rose and walked to the window, leaving her cousins to receive the visitor.

"Whatever is the matter with Caroline this evening?" Juliet whispered. "She seems to take offence at everything."

At that moment enters the gentleman in question, Mr. George Agate, the mention of whose name in a certain manner caused Caroline Conway much obvious annoyance.

Quiet and unassuming, he was perfectly at his ease, seeming as though certain of being favorably received.

Caroline was at the window, and even after he entered stood so with her back turned to him. For a moment a shade of displeasure was on his features, but he dismissed it instantly, and paid his respects to Blanche and Juliet.

That Caroline was in the room he seemed to be unaware of, and chatted cheerfully and pleasantly with the two, utterly ignoring the presence of the third.

Juliet was gifted with quicker perception than her sister, and knew that Caroline was unhappy, would feel hurt at being treated with neglect, though even she herself courted it by so ostentatiously turning her back on their visitor, and pretending to be so deeply absorbed in her thoughts as to be unaware of his presence.

Juliet led her from the window, and then Mr. Agate seemed to acknowledge her presence.

"Ah! Miss Conway, charming, cruel, and proud as ever."

She turned towards him with slow and stately step, and really by the coldness of her demeanor gave some color to his accusation.

She shook hands with him, and allowed her features to relax into a resemblance of a smile.

"Proud! I was not aware I was proud," she said. "Men seem to imagine that if one does not greet them with that warmth and enthusiasm their merits deserve, it is caused by pride."

There was a tone of cold satire in her voice which chilled George Agate.

"Thank you, Miss Conway, for bringing me to a sense of my position, my presumption, and my unworthiness."

"I did not say so, really," she replied; "if you choose to distort my words and give them meanings I never intended, you can do so."

Mollified by this admission, he said,

"Well, Caroline, don't be angry. I can see you are a little annoyed about something. May I ask what has vexed you?"

"I know not," she said, in accents of deep melancholy, from which all acerbity and unkindness had disappeared; "I am sad, and for my life cannot tell the reason. It seems as though an evil influence had crossed my path—a dark shadow swept across my soul."

"In other words," said the gentleman, "you are suffering from a fit of the blues."

"I don't know what you call the 'blues' in your horrid slang, and I wish you would not talk like that. You know how I dislike it," she added pettishly.

"Oh! by the way," he said, desirous to change the subject, and, if possible, get her in a better temper with everything in general and himself in particular, "did you lose a pocket handkerchief on the pier this afternoon?"

"I? I really don't know. I will see presently. I always carry it in my little courier bag. Why do you ask?"

"Because if you have I think I know who found it."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; a friend of mine."

"Ah!" she said languidly; "it's not of any great consequence."

"Yes; the Marquis of Malplaquet."

Very few there are who are insensible to the effect of a high-sounding title. Your blatant demagogue when brought into contact with a real live Earl, Duke, Marquis, or what not, is oftentimes a very bore, and "my lords" the great man as much as any.

Even Caroline, high-spirited as a thoroughbred Arab, rose, and betrayed a little interest in the announcement that her lover was acquainted with a Marquis.

"Marquis of what did you say?"

"Marquis of Malplaquet."

"What a curious title! I have never heard it before."

"Descended from one of the Normans of old who came over with the Conqueror, of course. That accounts for the foreign twang in the names of many of our aristocracy."

"So you know this peer, George?" she said, perhaps a little bit pleased to learn that he moved in such society.

"Yes; I'm going to lunch with him to-morrow morning. I'll introduce him some day."

Caroline glanced hurriedly around in almost comic alarm, like a hen after her brood when a hawk is abroad.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN--The Poet Actress, and Living Embodiment of Byron's Mazeppa.

Now Playing at the Broadway Theatre, New York.

But Juliet and Blanche, thinking that perhaps Caroline and Agate might have something to say to each other alone, had silently withdrawn.

"By no means. Oh, dear no! I am much obliged to you. But we have no wish to make the acquaintance of gentlemen during our short stay here."

"Charming prude," he said, gently taking her hand.

"No, George," she cried impetuously, "I am no prude, but I have a duty to perform—a solemn duty—undertaken at the death bed of my dear aunt now in heaven. I took an oath that I would watch over and guard her daughters—that no harm should befall them—and I am resolved that before such a thing shall be, I will sacrifice myself."

"Dear Caroline," he said, "your sentiments are like yourself, pure and noble. I honor and love you the more, if that were possible. But does it ever occur to you with regard to your cousins, that you are pursuing the very best course to defeat your laudable object?"

"I?"

"Yes, Caroline. You watch them and tend them as fondly as could any mother. But can you not understand that, by so carefully guarding them from what you consider the dangerous acquaintance of gentlemen, you instil in their minds the impression common to children and grown up people alike, that what is so strenuously denied must be very pleasant? Would Eve ever have plucked the forbidden fruit if it had not been from the fact that it *was* forbidden."

Caroline mused silently for a moment or two.

"There is much in what you say, George. I have great faith in your shrewdness and knowledge of the world and character. I will consider—I will think over it—I feel that there is force and cogency in it."

"And that is not all, Caroline; you know that since your aunt's death, since the day when you burned your brother's winnings, and afterwards forced me, inasmuch as you challenged me, to do the same with mine—"

"You were not forced to do it," she cried, pertly, "you had your choice between me and those ill-gotten bank notes."

"But, Caroline, I gave up the notes and lost you also—for a time at least."

"No, it was your own wicked temper that caused you to go off in a pet—for my part, you might have gone away for ever. I would have perished ere I would have whistled back a recreant lover. So you have to thank accident and your own absolute submission for being on the terms you are with me at present."

George Agate's cheek flushed, and there was an angry glitter in his eye, which, however, in the now rapidly increasing darkness, she did not notice.

"Terms!" he said a little bitterly. "Such terms as you and your lap-dog might be on, proud Caroline."

"Nay, then, as you like not the bondage—or even if it be bondage—cast it off," she said. "I hold no man against his will."

A hot-tempered, passionate damsel this, obviously as proud and fiery as she is pure and beautiful.

"I cannot agree with you, Caroline," he said, "I can only submit and lament my hard fate."

At this moment a servant entered with the lamp—a large moderator oil one. It gave a blaze of light, and now Agate had an opportunity of seeing as well as hearing Miss Conway, which previously he could not do, except dimly, for it was almost dark.

His ill-temper—which, chafing against the restrictions and conditions she had striven to impose upon him, had almost got the upper hand—gave way instantly.

What man—and that man a lover—could be proof against such splendid beauty as hers who stood before him? The entering of the tight displayed her all at once, and he beheld his lovely Caroline, a very queen of beauty, leaning pensive and sad, elbow on mantelpiece, her chin resting on one little hand.

Instantly his heart whispered:—

"It is useless—I will submit—I cannot do battle against her. Is it not honor enough that I, among all men of the earth, am the favored one? Favored so far as this—that *I* am an acknowledged lover—a conditioned one, truly—and one with a long probation to undergo, but nevertheless a lover, and the only man permitted to press that fair hand and imprint a respectful kiss on the roseate finger tips. Proud thought—my beautiful—my glorious queen of beauty—peerless among women, my own, my darling Caroline!"

This was the rhapsody which almost broke from his lips—his mind forming the words as he gazed on the bright vision before him.

And here is a good opportunity to take a nearer glance at the young lady.

CHAPTER VI.

CAROLINE—THE QUARREL—THE TOKEN OF RECONCILIATION.

"But nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING—Act iii., scene 1.

She was twenty-one years of age, but did not appear so old—great beauty has always this effect; and none could look on her face without being struck by her surpassing loveliness. Her eyes were large and sparkling, of a deep violet-grey tinge, neither blue nor hazel, and ever varying in expression—now lit up with enthusiasm, now flashing with anger, anon soft and melting. Her figure was tall for a female—slender, graceful and undulating in a ravishing manner with every movement. It was evident to the most careless observer that Caroline did not coop her handsome shape in stays. Nor did she affect crinoline, so far as iron and cane hoops bear the name.

She was on the brink of arriving at the zenith of her beauty, her form as near perfection as mortal can imagine. Tall, and yet not too tall—slender, and yet not too slender, sweeping upwards in an elegant curve from the hip inward to the waist, small, but not *waspish* in size, swelling out again to the bust, whose elegant proportion might make the Venus de Medici envious, up to the shoulders, till rising higher the graceful neck and classic head crown this living statue—a very Hebe, not chiselled in cold marble, but in soft, warm flesh.

And then the face. A nose straight and thin, forming so small an angle with the forehead as to be almost Grecian; and then the before-mentioned great grey eyes, shaded by eyebrows darker in color than the hair, and lashes darker still, which at times sweep the cheek, seemingly jealous of the glorious orbs they covered. A mouth well cut, clear, and firm—at times, when she had occasion to exhibit any determination, a little too firm. But, ah! when the expression of her face was softened by a tender emotion, then the rich lips became pouting, tempting, ravishing—enough to drive a lover mad—as oftentimes they did poor George Agate. Some said her mouth was a trifle too large, but when she smiled and her brilliant white teeth flashed forth between the rich lips, these cavillers retracted the heresy, and (mentally) fell down and worshipped also at the shrine of this beauty.

As for the complexion, it was much darker than might have been expected from her fair hair. A quality which entirely freed her from that insipidness which perfect *blondes* generally present. Fault might possibly be found in detail, and yet the fault-finder be compelled to acknowledge that as a whole she was ravishingly beautiful. It might be said of her, as was said by the chronicler of Mistress Jane Shore:—

"It were impossible to altere anye member of her bodye or varye a feature without marringe ye greate beautye of ye whole."

Such is a lame and poor description of the bright vision on which Mr. George Agate gazed enraptured. It is scarcely wonderful that in her presence he was her abject slave, and though in absence he sometimes chafed at what he considered the humiliating thraldom in which she held him, yet could never find face or courage to battle with the artillery of her eyes.

* * * * * *

"You are unkind and cruel, Caroline," he murmured, presently. "You know I am your devoted slave."

"I am not cruel, and I am not unkind," she said. "At least, I do not wish to be so. But let us return to what you were speaking of just now. I assure you it is with me a subject of grave anxiety."

"I was speaking of the method you adopt with your cousins—with earnest wish for their welfare, I acknowledge. But, at the same time, I question your prudence, or rather your foresight."

"Yes, yes, you urge that by using all my influence to keep them from harm they will imagine that what is wrong, consequently forbidden, is sweet. I cannot hold that a good objection. I have been thinking over it. By the same reasoning, it is bad policy to forbid anything—even the most deleterious and wicked things, lest those forbidden, or rather earnestly cautioned, should imagine there must be something very pleasant in folly and sin, and forthwith plunge right into the stream."

"No, Caroline, that is not altogether what I mean. You exaggerate and distort, but there is some truth even in your rough caricature. There is yet another argument, and a stronger one, against your plan."

"And what may that be?" she asked, with nothing pettish or cross in her voice now. For be it known she fully appreciated George Agate's shrewd penetration and usually sound judgment—usually we say advisedly, for, like a physician, he could not deal with anything which affected himself.

"*Experientia docet*," he said, and after a moment's pause, added: "There is another old but true saying—'wisdom is but the result of experience.' In those two Latin words and seven English ones I embody my argument."

"It amounts to this—that my cousins have no experience of the ways of the world. Granted. It is all the more reason why I should watch over and guard them from the wiles and guiles of the world."

"Pardon me; I disagree with you. I think it is an exceedingly bad plan this keeping them so utterly dependent on you for advice—everything, while you are with them. If for no other reason than this—that it cannot last."

"How do you mean?"

"Why you are not always with them."

"I am always with them when they come away from home, which is only once a year, for six weeks, or two months at the outside."

"And for the remaining ten they are, in a measure, left to their own devices. Oh! short-sighted Caroline."

"Left to their own devices. Why, what can harm them in a quiet country place? They only know the clergyman and the doctor."

"May be so, may be not. The course of affairs in this world is too uncertain, Caroline, for you to rest assured it will always be so. Those girls are young, beautiful, and utterly unsuspicious; and Blanche, I believe, especially would give ear to any plausible scoundrel who should whisper soft words of love in her ear—aye, listen and believe—and what is more, Caroline, I believe she is just the girl to fall desperately in love herself. She will persuade herself she is loved, and will love in return because she is loved. When Blanche does give her heart, it will be utterly, freely, and irremediably. The man she loves, if ever she does love, will be her absolute lord and master, and she will have no more strength to resist the power of her love than stem an Alpine torrent."

Caroline looked very, very grave. It had never struck her in this light before.

"What ought I to do?" she cried, clasping her hands and looking upwards. "Oh! Heaven help me. What shall I do?"

Inexpressibly lovely she looked, as with upturned face and pleading glance she thus stood. George Agate gazed on her graceful form, her bright fair hair falling in wanton luxuriance over neck and shoulders, her lips parted and moving slightly as she breathed a prayer; and as he gazed he thought she was the most beautiful creature it was ever given mortal man to behold.

"Don't be alarmed, Caroline."

"But I *am* alarmed. When I think of those girls I always feel a sense of terrible responsibility. I remember their dying mother's words, her solemn charge to me, my oath, her forebodings and prophetic utterances. I think of all these things, and my heart quails within me. Help me, George, help me. You are strong, I am a weak, foolish woman—give me, then, the benefit of your counsel and advice."

A thrill of pride and delirious joy shot through his frame as he heard himself thus appealed to. He knew not what to reply, but remained in silent rapture, stroking his silky moustache and gazing on the beautiful girl before him.

"My dear Caroline, don't give way so. How impetuous and frightened you are. Why one would think your cousins were in imminent peril."

"They may not be in peril at this moment," she replied, "but the very possibility of peril alarms me."

"If you are thus frightened at danger while it is problematical—afar off—at any rate, what will you be when it confronts you?"

Herein he spoke like a man, and not knowing the mysteries of woman's spirit. She replied like a true woman.

"Then," and she drew herself up and gazed defiantly forth from her beautiful eyes, "*then*, George Agate, I shall be brave as a lioness in defence of her cubs. Then I will dare and do anything. It is suspense—ill-defined, misty danger which fills my heart with alarm."

"My beautiful Caroline," he cried, in a burst of uncontrolable admiration, "you are indeed a heroine. I feel, I know I am unworthy of you, and acknowledge it."

Thus speaking he fell on one knee at her feet, and taking her hand, kissed it passionately. A bright smile broke out over her face. It was pleasant to know that George Agate, with all his faults, loved her devotedly. He still kneeling, holding her left hand in most chivalric attitude, she with her right hand gently playing with his soft brown hair, Caroline continued:—

"Silly boy, don't talk such nonsense. I am only a girl—a woman, if you like, certainly not an angel, and besides, you *know*," here she bent her head and lowered her voice, "that I love you."

Lo! heavenly music the words thrilled on the young man's heart. He had for some time been an accepted suitor, or at least a suitor to be accepted at some future date (for Caroline was very chary of her promises), but never before had he heard her breathe such words in such a tone.

"Ah!" he murmured, "I could kneel for ever thus; it is Elysium."

She recalled him to plain matter-of-fact, however, in a most summary way.

"Elysium—nonsense! This is Vermont House, West Cliff, Ramsgate. Somebody will be coming up directly. Get up, you stupid fellow, do."

George Agate rose, blushing like a girl, almost trembling with his new-found joy, and not heeding her pleasant chiding.

"She loves me! she loves me!"

The words seemed to ring in his ears. Hitherto he had tormented himself with doubts on the point. He had never been able to wring an avowal from her. It seemed as though, beautiful as a marole statue, she were also as cold as the sculptor's ideal, and could not condescend to so earthly a passion as love. But now her own dear lips had owned it. He felt like a schoolboy in her presence, bashful yet joyful, fearful of offending, yet desperately tempted to catch her in his arms and kiss her.

"And now, George, let's be reasonable and talk."

"Oh!" sighed George, innocently, "would that she could be unreasonable always—if so she calls it."

"Yes, my darling," he said.

"Come, don't talk in that lovesick way. If I am your darling, you need not be continually repeating it."

"Cruel ——"

"By no means."

"Ah! Caroline, you don't love me as I love you," he sighed.

"Well, George, I did not say I did. Besides, how can I know. Or, if it comes to that, how can you possibly know, either?"

"Well, go on, Caroline," he said, recovering himself; "you're a strange girl. You shall have it your own way. What shall we talk about? The American war, 'Essays and Reviews,' African exploration, Researches in the Fauna, by Professor Ramshackle. Anything you like. I know all about it. 'Richard is himself again.'"

"I'm very glad to hear it," she replied, dryly, "and I hope to goodness Richard will keep himself."

"Ah! but, Caroline, you know you love me?"

"Thank you for nothing. I suppose I shall have on peace row for your continually dinning it into my ears that I had owned in a weak moment I loved you."

"Ah, Caroline, don't say that," he said, "a weak moment? No, I won't accept the avowal that you love me on those terms. Take it back. I will not be treated like a pet spaniel, to be caressed one moment and told the next, almost contemptuously, that it was in a weak moment."

Hereupon Caroline blazed up.

"Caressed, sir? Do you dare to say I caressed you?"

"I dare do anything but what is dishonorable; but I would not willingly offend you. I would rather perish first—I would suffer torture rather than your little finger should suffer pain. But I will not suffer contumely for your amusement, Miss Conway."

A very pretty little lover's quarrel. But girls, you all know the saying—"*Amantium iræ amoris integratio est*—which means that the quarrels of lovers is the renewing of love.

"Contumely? Who wishes to put contumely on you, as you grandiloquently assert?"

"You, Miss Conway."

"Nothing of the sort, sir. How dare you say that I caressed you?"

"I did not say so."

"Perhaps not in plain words; but you used the word 'caress,' as applied to you and me."

"I meant no offence, whereas you deliberately wounded my feelings. However, it is useless arguing or bandying words. I see you make a mockery, a plaything, of me, so I will take my hat and go."

"As you please, sir," she said, coldly.

He took his hat, which he had placed on a chair, and moved towards the door, slowly, sadly, but resolutely.

"You have not told me what you suggested, after all your fine lecture about my cousins. At least you might do that, and go afterwards as soon as you please."

By no means sorry of the chance of a reconciliation (for he loved her so passionately that it was like rending his heart to part with her in anger), he said:—

"Well, since you asked, Caroline, I will tell you my opinion—briefly and truly."

"I know you will tell me truly," she said, in a much softer tone.

George Agate felt a good deal mollified as he noticed it. But his pride was now aroused, and he felt by no means inclined to give in.

"I think you should let them see more society, of course being careful that they are not left to their own devices. If they never see evil now, or realise the falsehood and wickedness of men—I say, if they never see at least something of this for themselves, they will never believe what is told them. They believe you in a general kind of way—as a child believes when it is told that the earth is round, or any other scientific fact. Such belief is useless—it brings nothing home to the mind—and when the inculcator thereof is absent it is utterly forgotten. That is my experience. Act as you think best."

He paused for a moment or two, as if waiting for her to say something.

"And now I will wish you a very good evening, Miss Conway," he said, again taking his hat. "Give my adieus to your cousins."

He bowed, and moved slowly to the door, without once looking back. Caroline was perhaps prouder even than he was, though she had often chafed at what she considered his ridiculous sensitiveness. She felt, however, that in this case she had perhaps been a little to blame. Besides her heart, her love fought hard against her pride, and ultimately the former gained the day—for she did love him—headstrong, reckless, and save, in her adept hands, obstinate man as he was.

So she murmured softly:—

"George."

And in an instant he was by her side.

"Don't let us quarrel. I have few friends, and I cannot afford to lose even one—least of all so true a one as *you*."

When Caroline determined on any course of action, she always went to work thoroughly. A half apology would have had no effect at all. It would perhaps only have humiliated her, without reconciling him.

Bear that in mind, young ladies, and if ever you have given cause of offence to your lovers, or any one else indeed, and wish to bring about a reconciliation, make the *amende honorable*, frankly and generously. Probably you will not meet a rebuff—if you do, it will not have been your fault. You will have done all in your power. As the shaking of oats in a sieve brings the steed trotting up to his master, so did that one word bring him to her, and when she went on to speak, concluding with, "least of all, so true a one as you," he was utterly conquered.

"Come, let us be friends, I didn't mean to annoy you, upon my word."

She held forth her hand, and accompanied the act with such a charming smile, that it is doubtful whether if she had submitted him to a deliberate and severe insult he could have resisted.

"My darling Caroline."

"That's a good boy—now I will give you a kiss—only mind you don't have the impudence to talk of my caressing you like a spaniel again."

She bent forward, and holding both his hands, kissed him softly on the cheek. Such a little kiss it was—hardly perceptible—so light was the pressure of her ripe lips. He felt it, however, and could have fallen down and worshipped her there and then.

"There now—say you forgive me."

"Forgive you, Caroline! If you were to kill me I should forgive you, with my dying breath I should pray for you. And as to what you say about a spaniel, I'd be a 'poodle,' a 'turnspit'—any species of dog you like, that is if—if" and here grown a little bolder by reason of his good fortune, he smiled.

"Ah! I know what you mean; you would repeat the offence if you dared, and say if I would caress you. But you must not—that is to say, without leave. However, I will make amends for being so cross before, and again I tell you, George Agate, that I love you."

Once more her lips touched his face, and he was again in the seventh heaven.

"Oh, Caroline, I do love you so."

"Well, dear, remember your words, and if ever you have occasion, prove their truth by deeds—"

"I will—I will," he cried, kissing her hand.

No studied coquette could have distributed her favors more artfully. And yet there was no art in Caroline. She loved him, and she was not ashamed to own it, and knew well enough that her affection was returned. But she knew well enough also, and he too, that it might be long before their mutual love was consummated in marriage. She made no secret of it, but told him that at present she would not undertake fresh cares and duties, however strongly her heart might tempt her thereto. She had accepted a solemn charge, and spurned the idea of abandoning her orphan cousins, entrusted to her by a dying mother, merely to gratify his passion or her own. And so it was understood between them that marriage at present was out of the question. If he chose to wait, be true, faithful and constant, she would one day give him her hand—and her heart—which he had already. That is to say, if he behaved himself and kept his word in certain points of which—more anon.

"And now, Caroline, he said, a load off his heart, and speaking in a very different tone from that of five minutes back, "I'll tell you what I came up here for this evening."

"What you came up here for—why, to see me, I suppose. Do you mean to have the audacity to tell me to my face that you came for any other purpose?"

"Of course I came to see you—but also with a selfish motive—I want to borrow some money of you until to-morrow evening or the morning of the next day."

"Borrow money of me—nonsense—it is I who am indebted to you. Do you think I forget all your kindness to my brother, Felix, on many occasions, and one in particular; and besides, I owe you another debt. Do you remember how, two years ago, you burnt some notes at my bidding? Ah! George, it was that act of your's—passionate—petulant on the spur of the moment, no doubt—which first made me like you. Doubtless you have often regretted it since?"

"Regretted it, Caroline? It was the wisest thing I ever did in my life, to say nothing of the unspeakable happiness of winning your favor thereby."

Her eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"You acknowledge, then, that it was a wise thing, and also that it was a wise compact you entered into with me as the price of my

ove, that you would never again wager on a horse race, or any game of chance."

"Yes, yes, Caroline," he said. But there was an unusual look in his eye, which however she did not catch.

"Then I am indeed happy. What is it you require, George? I have only about forty pounds with me."

"I only want ten."

"There is a note for ten pounds."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1866.

To Correspondents.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, St. Louis, Mo.—"A bets B $1,000 that B has never seen, and will not see, during the next six months, a dead donkey or a live whale. B admits that he has not seen either the one or the other, but he purchases for a few dollars an elderly, played-out Jack, and kills him. B then claims the amount of the bet. Has he fairly won it?".....He has.

GRANVILLE BOY.—1. The present captain is not one of those expelled last season. 2. We don't know where you can get good base ball material in New York, but H. Fitzgerald, at the "City Item" office, Philadelphia, has a large stock on hand, at moderate rates. Drop him a line for prices, etc.

UNION CLUB, Salem.—"A party of four play a game of all fours, seven up; one party has three to go, the other one; the party having three to go makes high, Jack, game; the party that has one to go makes low. Which goes out first?".....The party holding low goes out first.

ERDIX.—"A and B are playing partners against C and D in a game of euchre. A makes the trump and says he will stand them alone. C says he will stand them alone against him. Now, if A takes three tricks, how many points can he count?".....One point only.

G. W. J.—1. He does not own any interest whatever in the show. He receives a salary for performing, and an additional one for the use of his name. 2. Zoe was born in Havana, Cuba, in 1840. Married. Ben Yates is her agent. We know of no one who could post you.

J. T.—It was the father of the Gomersal who played at Barnum's and Niblo's and to whom the Duke of Wellington presented a gold snuff box for his (the elder Gomersal's) life-like personation of Napoleon in the "Battle of Waterloo" at Astley's, London.

PIP.—We have heard of people being able to pick out eggs that will hatch out cocks only, but never saw the experiment tried, and therefore are not warranted in saying that they can. Perhaps some of our game fanciers will send in their opinion on the subject.

H. H.—You certainly win if you called the cards "six nine," and if it was so understood by the banker—otherwise you win "equitably"—if there be such a thing as equity in faro—for strictly speaking the mistake of the cue-keeper is the mistake of the bank.

MASSON, Leavenworth.—The fakir you inquire about is a first class beat. He has been swindling every one since he has been in the business. The last we heard of him was about two months ago when he was "faking" down East.

W. P. R., Paterson, N. J.—Izzy Lazarus fought eight battles, his first one being with Jem Brown, the go-cartman, which though down to Brown's name in Fistiana, nothing is said about it in Izzy's career.

C. J., Baltimore, Md.—We have frequently published the Rules of the Ring, but have none printed to dispose of. A second has no right in another man's corner—disputes of that kind are left to the umpire and referee.

SLIM JIM.—Edwin James, the lawyer, was the party who took round the subscription list to Lord Palmerston and others for Tom Sayers after his fight with Heenan. Mr. J. was then, we believe, M. P. from Marylebone district.

ENOS.—All the companies are now on the road. The company performing at the Hippotheatron in Fourteenth street will take a trip to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington as soon as the warm weather sets in.

SPORT, Schenectady.—It is not likely that you will receive any thing from the parties. Byron Christy is dead; the Cal. Wagner and Sam Hague party broke up two weeks ago; Clifford's party have also suspended.

INQUIRER, Augusta, Me.—You would require at least $500 worth of printing to start, besides about $500 more to meet a portion of your first week's expenses in case business should be bad. A responsible person finds no trouble in organizing a first class band.

READER, Washington, D. C.—The match between Ed. Price and Joe Coburn was made on the evening of the 25th of April, 1856, and they fought on the 1st of May, in the same year—both had about four days training.

H. G. H., Cincinnati.—1. The salary should commence with the date of the engagement, whether you are called upon to perform or not. 2. We know nothing about the correspondents of that paper.

PHILADELPHIA.—Johnson having agreed to continue the fight, virtually waived his objection, and consequently loses the bet. This decision is given presuming your statement of facts is correct.

C. T., Tunkhannock.—1. B evidently does not understand the game. Two kings and two nines beat two queens and two Jacks. 2. We do not recommend any card manufacturer in particular.

PIN POOL, Boston.—The rules of this game are given in Phelan's Handbook of Billiards, price $1. We have no space to publish them.

W. E. K., Schenectady.—Edwin Forrest, Edwin Booth, E. L. Davenport, James E. Murdoch, Joseph Proctor, E. Eddy, McKean Buchanan, J. B. Roberts, etc.

E. B. AND J. R.—"J. R. bets E. B. $10 that an English mile is not longer than an American mile. Who wins?".....J. R. wins—the English and American mile are alike, measuring 1760 yards.

REGULAR SUBSCRIBER, Milwaukee.—Edwin Forrest appeared at the Bull's Head (Bowery) Theatre, Jan. 17, 1825. He also played at the Old Bowery under Gilfert's management.

VAN, Washington.—1. John C. Heenan stands 6ft. 1½in. in height; weight about 210lbs. 2. Tom Hyer was about the same. 3. Bill Poole stood 5ft. 9½in. and weighed about 160lbs.

SNOOKS.—Mr. McFarland only has the halls while playing there with his dramatic company. They are open for any one who wishes to hire.

QUID NUNC, Waterford.—Jimmy Hamill stands 5ft. 6in., and in condition weighs about 150lbs.

WILLIS, Memphis, Tenn.—1. Jem Mace and Joe Coburn never had a fight with each other. 2. Mace has not been in this country.

J. F. W.—He made his *debut* in 1854, in Augusta, Geo., in "Pizarro," while traveling with W. H. Crisp's company.

JOHNNY M., Manchester, Eng.—M. G., of Pittsburgh, has some "sugar" for you. How shall he send it?

PATRON, Toledo, Ohio.—Paul went to England about three months ago.

WHITE STAR, Pittsburgh, Pa.—The lady is with George Deagle, St. Louis.

H. D., JR., St. Louis.—Thank you, but we already have a correspondent in your city.

H. G., Cincinnati.—Lizzie Price was born in Philadelphia, Sept. 30th, 1842.

F. W. FARR, Augusta, Geo.—Your subscription expires with No. 8, present volume.

S. L. SNISHER, Nokimis, Ill.—We are unable to furnish you with back numbers.

OLD SPORT, Alleghany City.—The first race between Hamill and Josh Ward took place on the Schuylkill River, at Philadelphia.

WEST MERIDEN.—Tom King and Tom Sayers never fought a prize fight as antagonists.

H. DELMOTA.—We have taken note of your suggestion, and if space permits, will act upon it at an early day.

MANFRED, Boston.—A is entitled to two points, the same as if the opposite party had not reniged.

CLARION, Washington.—Reached us too late to be of service, especially as the events are not of recent occurrence.

G. C. B., Balto.—By all means let us have a "candid, straightforward opinion" of the matters referred to.

SMITH, Washington.—The lady was in Buffalo last week.

TRINCOLO, Chicago.—Fifty dollars.

H. C. P.—We shall be pleased to receive such items.

HARRY, Rochester.—Your last reached us in good season.

READER, Fort Wayne, Ind.—Those numbers are out of print.

ADD, Quincy, Ill.—Items too old to be of interest.

A WORK ON CHOLERA—its history, causes, symptoms and treatment—by G. T. Collins, M. D., is among the latest and most instructive publications of the day. It describes the disease so clearly that no person will find the least difficulty (in case of an attack), in administering the proper remedies should it be impossible to procure the immediate aid of a physician. It is emphatically a work for the people, and if—in case the cholera should appear among us—the directions therein set forth are implicitly followed when the first symptoms begin to manifest themselves, the chances are all in favor of the recovery of the patient. The work also contains a history of the epidemics of the middle ages. It can be had, we presume, of all book dealers in this city and elsewhere.

GOING TO THE COUNTRY.—Our country brethren are building high hopes in expectation of the advent of the cholera in this city. They are converting every little cubby hole into a bedroom, and even pig styes are looked at with an uncertain eye. Indeed, our rural friends imagine that the city will be deserted quite, and that everybody will be making tracks for the country. Bless their verdant hearts, how little they know about New York. Our city is being placed in good order, and whether sickness comes or not, the masses of the people will remain now as they remained years gone by when the filthy condition of our streets invited disease.

THE MENKEN AT THE BROADWAY.—The sensation in theatrical circles is the appearance of Adah Isaacs Menken in her speciality of Mazeppa. As we write we are informed that all the choice seats for the opening nights are taken, so that we may look for a succession of large audiences.

THE STALLION TIPPOSAIR.—Before us is a fine stereoscopic picture of this stallion, looking as life-like as nature. But what puzzles us is, the inscription on the back of the card, wherein the entire horse is called "Beauties of the Hudson—4188." E. and H. T. Anthony & Co. are the publishers of this beauty of the Hudson.

"FANNY HERVEY, or a Mother's Choice," has just been published by F. A. Brady. Fanny's price is 50 cents.

DINNERS AND DINERS.

THE arrangement of a dinner has now become one of the fine arts, although, to say truth, there are millions who dine inartistically every day and are very well satisfied. But in the *menage* of public dinners New York is not behind even Paris. At some of those palatial clubs, up-town, they are constantly giving dinners of the rarest and costliest kind, and with an artistic finish that would have surprised Monsieur Soyer, or even Brillat-Savarin himself. Even the fashion of introducing a tiny cigarette between the courses, to the accompaniment of a little *kirschwasser*, which was first brought into repute by Louis Quatorze, is followed with pleasure in the Fifth Avenue clubs. To dine with the Manhattan, for instance, is to imagine yourself suddenly transported back to the days of Lucullus, except that you are not expected to indulge in the swinish behavior of that worthy after dinner, and you *are* expected to appear in that costume, which is, in this year of grace 1866, *de rigeur* among gentlemen. The waiters at club dinners are all of the smooth, blandly-deferential, and noiseless type, albeit they are of stern deportment when standing behind your chair. What opportunities for judging of humanity in a cynical strain a waiter must have!

But our business just now is with the mass of people who dine in New York—that is, within the radius of a mile from the City Hall—about the middle of the day. Clerks, store-keepers, salesmen, stock-brokers of the least fashionable order, bank employes, and newspaper men; all these dine in the city between the hours of one and three. It is true that old Dryasdust, the chief clerk of an immensely wealthy firm, dines late in the evening, and generally walks home swinging a fish in his hand; that Strongi'th'arm, the stalwart and urbane journalist, dines at home in the bosom of his family, and that many reporters and the small fry of the press occasionally do not dine at all; but still, if you want to see the majority of the classes mentioned dine, from one to three is the time. Between those hours, semperperspiring waiters deferentially do their bidding, and the beasts of the earth, the fowls of the air, and the fish that in the sea do swim, are all pressed into their service. Spruce clerks, for whom shine in the windows of the stores the knobbiest of sticks and the shiniest of hats, take their mid-day meal, where waiters, black as Erebus, with aprons white as the driven snow, attend to their wants. Humble people—junior clerks, store attendants, porters, &c.—dine at less pretentious places, and are content to be waited on by white folk. Lower down still, in the social scale, the shabby-genteel people dine on a glass of water and a toothpick, and at the bottom of the ladder in the Arcadian neighborhood of the Five Points, you may make your dinner off a bowl of soup, for which you are expected to pay only one cent. Indeed, you may dine at any price in New York: from the fish, flesh and fowl, and the post-prandial cigar of the *Maison Doree*, to the two-cent loaf which you may put in your coat-tail pocket, and break furtively, when anybody is looking. Of the one-cent soup, we are afraid little can be said in favor. Rumor has it that it is a decoction from the bones which are picked up in the street, and which, after being duly washed and cleansed, are boiled down into an inviting *pot pourri* for the benefit of the impecunious. A queer story came to us the other day of a gentleman who visited one of the up-town hotels, and ordered a magnificent dinner. The resources of even a modern hotel were ransacked to satisfy his epicurean taste, and manager, servants and butler conspired to render him temporary homage. The choicest *entrees* were accompanied by wines of the rarest vintages, and after a sumptuous dinner he lighted a fragrant Havana. When he had puffed his cigar a few moments, and its incandescent tip gave evidence of the placid state of enjoyment into which the gentleman had lapsed, he imperiously summoned the *maitre d' hotel*. "I'm ready," quoth he. The proprietor deferentially inclined his ear. "Ready for what, sir?" he mildly ventured to insinuate. "Ready to be kicked out!" answered his customer, with a mellifluous wave of the hand; "I haven't got a d——d cent!"

Of the ultimate fate of this gentleman we know nothing, but the story is only an instance of the manner in which hotel keepers are occasionally victimised.

TO DRINK or not to drink, that's the question. Whether it were better to close up entirely on the Sabbath day and thus prevent a sea of liquors from being destroyed, or run the machine on the striped pig or woolly horse principle, and thus end a sea of troubles on the part of hotel keepers, is the point which needs solution. The new liquor law is now in operation, and many are the anathemas heaped upon the unoffending heads of the administrators of the law by the administrators of the liquors. Many former venders of the ardent are left out in the cold by the new arrangement, and many epithets of vile import do they bestow upon the excise board. The Germanic confederacy are in a sad state of mind—the new law is as great a puzzle to them as the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, and nobody has yet been able to get at the head or tail of *that* problem. Proprietors of "sacred concert" lager beer establishments are in sore distress that their Sabbath services should be so unceremoniously, so impiously interfered with. What had they done that they should be made thus to suffer?

Verily, should the Sabbath section of the law be rigidly enforced, who can foretell the results? Already the wild sounds of discontent are heard on every side where German Gardens grow; already the growling of German thunder is heard, and soon the storm will burst forth in all its fury. Well may they exclaim:—

Pity the sorrows of a Dutchman poor
Whose thirsty limbs have borne him to your door,
One glass of lager I but fondly crave
To keep my body from the excise grave.

OUR CHAMPION SCULLER.—By the time this reaches the eyes of a portion of our readers, our little champion sculler, Jimmy Hamill, will in all probability have reached his destination in England, where he goes to row a match with the champion of the Thames. In a recent notice of the proposed match *Bell's Life* affected to believe that no match was intended, because our champion's money had not reached there. All right, brother *Bell*, but as one of your contemporaries held Kelley's stake, we preferred to hold Hamill's until such time as he was ready to start. It would keep as well here as there, and was just as safe. A representative of the CLIPPER, Mr. Wm. H. Bray, sailed in the same steamer with Hamill, and in his care we sent twelve hundred and fifty dollars in gold, on behalf of Hamill, and that money will be deposited in London at the time of signing articles. Kelley's party will have a London stakeholder, a London referee, probably, and yet they refuse to allow Hamill a smooth course. This courtesy at least should be shown to a stranger who travels three thousand miles and over to meet the English champion on his own ground.

MURAL LITERATURE.—Not the least interesting study of the streets of New York is that of its mural literature. It is a perfect compendium of the manners and tastes and amusements of the people, and a more interesting one than can be found in most books. Not infrequently the most curious combinations are formed by the juxtaposition of bills bearing not the least relation to each other. Thus: "The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher will preside at Harry Hill's on Wednesday next, when—the Brothers Springelli, the famous gymnasts, will also take—Hostetter's Bitters." The style of illustration, too, to some of the flaming posters, is particularly choice. An equestrienne vaulting through an impossible hoop; a gamekeeper shouldering a Parrott gun; a snake twisting itself in the form of a coil of rope, and various other incongruities. The art of advertising has become now a study, and our walls bear witness to the knowledge which advertisers display in placing their wares under the notice of the people.

WINDY.—Sunday was decidedly a windy day, as windy as some of our city politicians, and as blustery as a full-fledged Congressman. It was also a day well calculated to display the pedal beauties of lovely woman, and assist in the solution of the question concerning false calves, a subject which of late has excited public attention to a high degree. Certainly, many ravishing sights were exposed to view, much of female anatomy was unveiled to the rude gaze of wondering wayfarers and corner loungers, but it is doubtful, after all, whether we have arrived any nearer the solution of the disputed point. Some very pretty legal continuations were brought to light by the flickering gusts which spitefully blew, and impolite capers were loosely cut with wiry crinoline, but as for false calves—bah! we don't believe a word of it.

ALL QUIET.—Since the recent feint at Eastport, Me., we hear very little of O'Killian and his followers. O'Mahoney is looking after his brothers in "bondage." Stephens, like the good times promised by O'Mahoney, is coming.

THE CLUB SWINGER'S MEDAL.—We have seen the gold medal manufactured expressly for the entertainment at Irving Hall, on the 1st of May, to be presented to the best light club swinger, with 6 or 8lb. clubs. It is some two inches in diameter, and nicely engraved; the words, "Presented to ——, the Champion Club Swinger of America, May 1st, 1866," being on one side, with a portrait of the King of Clubs on the other. Whoever gets it will have a pretty nice thing.

EXCELSIOR.—At a regular meeting of the Excelsior Literary Association of the Eighth Ward, held on the 27th ult., the following gentlemen were elected as officers for the ensuing term: —President, Mr. John Mangel; Vice President, Mr. J. Oliver Sullivan; Secretary, Mr. Wm. J. Foster; Treasurer, Mr. M. E. Downey; Librarian, Mr. Charles W. Dowd; Seargeant-at-Arms, Mr. Wm. H. McCarthy.

CANINE SET-TO.—In the goodly city of Philadelphia, there is to be a canine contest on the 8th of May, between Jack McCrystal's dog Bug, and Arthur Henry's dog Ike, at 27lbs., for $200 a side.

BALL PLAY.

Branch of "The Office,"
493 BROADWAY, NEAR BROOME STREET, NEW YORK.
HIGHAM BROS. & WOODS.....Proprietors.

The proprietors respectfully apprise the public and their friends generally that they have opened the above admirably located premises on Broadway, (three doors above Broome street) as a first class

BAR AND LUNCH COUNTER,

and Branch of that well-known popular establishment "THE OFFICE," 13 East Houston street.

The Lunch Counter will always be found supplied with the choicest productions of the market in season, and the Cuisine will be of the same high class and character which has gained for "THE OFFICE" so extensive a share of public patronage. The long experience and sound practical judgment of the proprietors will afford sufficient guarantee that the bar will always be stocked with the finest and purest brands of wines, liquors, cigars and malt beverages. They invite their friends and the public to give them a call

GEORGE HIGHAM,
JAMES HIGHAM,
WILLIAM WOODS. } Proprietors.

1-tf

THE NATIONAL CLUB OF WASHINGTON.

This champion organization of the South are preparing themselves for their visit North by attention to practice, and by thoroughly training their first nine in a series of weekly contests against the next best nine the club can present. Mr. Gorman is their President, and under his able supervision, assisted by a very competent board of directors, the affairs of the club are bound to flourish. They have erected a new club house, in conjunction with the Union Club, and their field is about a hundred yards more to the northward than before, and far better located. The National number over a hundred members, and applications for admission are on the increase. A full field is present every fine Monday, Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, at 4 P. M., at which hour the Departments close business and the employees take a bee line for the President's grounds, which now present, every afternoon of the week, one of the liveliest scenes imaginable. On the left the National and Union Clubs play, on the right the Potomac and Jefferson Clubs have their field, and in the centre the Amateur and a new club are to play. In the centre of the grounds the Washington and American Cricket Clubs pitch their wickets, and what with the half a dozen junior organizations who occupy all the spare ground on the margin, one can imagine what a crowd of ball players there are on the field every day. In fact, the way the balls fly in every direction is enough to remind a veteran of the army of the time when he found himself like the "six hundred" in the Crimea, who had "balls to the right of them, balls to the left of them." The contrast between this time last year, when the game was comparatively unknown, and now, when there is a perfect *furore* for it, affords a very striking illustration of the popularity our national game has attained since the close of the war.

On Wednesday, April 25th, a very interesting contest took place between the two nines of the National Club, it being the first regular game of the kind since their opening day. The weather was not favorable for play, rain falling during the morning, and a chilly wind prevailing in the afternoon. The first nine were out in nearly their full force, but the second nine were short several of their best players. In spite of the unpropitious character of the weather, there was a goodly assemblage of spectators present, great interest being taken by the Washingtonians now in everything appertaining to base ball.

The first nine led off in the game at 4:50 P. M., and had it all their own way up to the close of the 4th innings, at which time the score stood 20 to 1 in their favor. In the next two innings, however, their adversaries picked up a little, keeping down the score of the first nine to a single run each inning, and adding 3 to their own score. In the 7th innings, the score stood 5 to 0 in favor of the first nine, and as, at its close, it was too dark to play further, the game terminated, the totals being 27 to 4 in favor of the first nine.

In this game some very good batting and excellent fielding were shown. Berthrong, Parker, Hodges, Williams and Smith, of the first nine, and Alden, Studley, Shedd, Dennison, Patten and W. Yeatman, of the second nine, especially distinguishing themselves. Williams' pitching was the best we have seen since Creighton's time in regard to speed; he has improved very much since the Athletic match last year. As for Berthrong's catching, it was first class in every respect; we do not know his superior, and but very few who are as effective. Smith played short field, Gorman playing at 3d base. In this respect we think the club make a mistake. Gorman is a valuable out-field player, while Smith was the best base player of his former club. Alden—who pitched for the first time on the second nine in this match—ought to be in the first nine. He is a very promising player indeed, and it will not be long before he takes a first class position. He is a good humored player for one thing, and that is a valuable qualification, and one far too rare in the fraternity. We confess to be specially down upon grumbling, growling, fault-finding ball players, and quite the reverse on those who always bear defeat or misfortune with a good grace.

The first and second bases in this game were capitally attended to on both sides. Dennison put out 8 players at 1st base, besides taking 4 fly balls; Shedd put out one at 2d, in good style, and Alden one at home base handsomely. Studley captured 3 victims on foul balls, and W. Yeatman made a fine catch at centre field, while Patten fielded four balls to Dennison very creditably, on which players were put out, Alden doing the same three times.

On the other side, Berthrong took no less than 8 foul balls in handsome style from Williams' rifle shots, besides capturing a player at home base. Hodges secured four at 1st base, being assisted by Parker 3 times, besides making a fine foul fly catch. Parker played 2d base in fine style, and took a line ball on the fly handsomely. In batting, Berthrong and Smith took the lead, although Gorman led in securing runs, Cronin and Yeatman being second and third. On the other side Studley, Patten and Ridgely were the run getters. Studley played very creditably behind Alden's swift and rather irregular pitching. The decisions of the Umpire were such as to mark him as a good man for the position, as he was prompt in deciding and showed judgment in his decisions. He, however, ignored the rule of calling balls, This matter of calling balls must be more properly attended to than it was last year, and we would call Mr. Wood's attention to the rules for Umpire, given in our last number. We append the full score of this interesting and well played club game.

BATTING.

FIRST NINE.	H.	L.	B.	SECOND NINE.	H.	L.	B.
Parker, 2d b			4	Studley, c			2
Gorman, 3d b			5	Patten, s s			1
Berthrong, c			4	Alden, p			0
Smith, s s			3	Ross, r f			0
Williams, p			2	Dennison, 1st b			0
Hodges, 1st b			0	Shedd, 2d b			0
Cronin, r f			4	Patterson, 3d b			0
Yeatman, l f			4	Ridgely, l f			1
Roach, c f			1	W. Yeatman, c f			0
Total			27	Total			4

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	
First Nine	7	5	3	5	1	1	5	—27
Second Nine	0	0	0	1	0	3	0	— 4

Umpire—Mr. J. Wood, of the Union Club. Scorers—Messrs. Potts and Chadwick. Time of Game—2 hours. Fly Catches—Berthrong, 3; Parker, 1; Hodges, 1; Smith, 1. Total, 6. Dennison, 4; W. Yeatman, 1; Studley, 1. Total, 6. Foul Bound Catches—Berthrong, 5; Studley, 2. Left on Bases—Smith, 1; Williams, 2; Ross, 1. Outs on Base—First Nine, 10 times; Second Nine, 6 times. Struck Out—Williams, 1; Roach, 1; Hodges, 1. Alden, 1; Shedd, 1; Patterson, 1; Ridgely, 1. Missed Catches—Berthrong, 1; Studley, 3; Patten, 1; Patterson, 1; Dennison, 1; Ridgely, 1. Passed Balls—Studley, 9; Berthrong, 3. Home Runs—Berthrong, 1.

The programme of the Nationals for July includes, first, games with the Athletic and Keystone Clubs, on Monday and Tuesday, July 2d and 3d; with the Atlantics, on July 4th; and the Excelsiors, on the 5th. On the 6th they play at New Brunswick, and on the 7th at Baltimore, being absent from home one week. These will be their first games outside of Washington.

ATHLETICS' OPENING GAME.

This crack base ball organization of Philadelphia played their opening game of the season on the 28th of April. It was between two of their chosen nines, and may be looked upon in the light of a "rehearsal." Comment on the play, therefore, is omitted, and to the summary we refer the reader's attention:—

M'BRIDE'S NINE.	O.	R.	PRATT'S NINE.	O.	R.
McBride, p	3	4	Kleinfelder, c	1	3
Reach, 2d b	2	3	Pike, c f	2	3
Hayhurst, c f	3	3	Berkenstock, 1st b	3	2
E. A. Gaskill, r f	6	1	Wallace, 3d b	3	1
Wilkins, s s	4	3	Fisler, 2d b	2	0
Dockney, c	1	5	McCleary, s s	5	0
Malone, 1st b	3	4	Pratt, p	5	0
Dushong, 3d b	3	2	Collom, r f	3	1
C. M. Gaskell, l f	2	4	Smith, l f	3	1
Total	27	29	Total	27	11

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
McBride	2	5	2	7	2	0	3	1	7—29
Pratt	0	0	2	0	3	0	1	0	5—11

Time of game—2 hours and 45 minutes. Scorers—Bell and Benson.

RESIGNED.—Col. Fitzgerald has resigned the Presidency of the Athletic B. B. Club of Philadelphia, an office to which he was unanimously elected a month since.

CREIGHTON BASE BALL CLUB.—At the election of officers of this club, the following gentlemen were chosen: President, Frank H. Rogers; Vice-President, Frank Peters; Secretary, Thos. C. McIlhenny; Treasurer, Wm J. Cotter; Field Captain, Theo. J. Lochary. Board of Directors—F. H. Rogers, Chas. Devenny, P. Barker.

BASE BALL AT ROXBURY.—A match game of base ball was played at the Fair Grounds, on the 21st ult., between the Alert Club, of Roxbury, and the Wachusett Club, of Boston. The Alerts came off victorious, scoring 44 runs to their opponents' 20. The playing was very good on both sides, and the Roxbury lads feel highly gratified at their success.

BALL PLAY IN ST. LOUIS.—A game of base ball was played in St. Louis on the 23d ult., between the Rowena and Magnolia Clubs, which ended in the defeat of the latter by the following score:—Rowena, 36; Magnolia, 28. The game occupied two hours and forty minutes.

PHOTOGRAPH OF HAMILL.—Although "gone from our gaze" for awhile, Hamill is not "lost to memory dear," and the recollection of his pleasant, good humored *os frontis* has just been forcibly brought to our mind by the reception of a *carte de visite*, representing the sandy haired hero, seated in the frail bark in which he has in times gone by dashed on to victory, clad in rowing costume, and apparently waiting impatiently for the starter to give the signal which should add another laurel to the chaplet already crowning his brow. For this life-like counterfeit presentment we are indebted to our Pittsburgh correspondent, "Veritas," who will accept our thanks for the favor. Persons desiring copies—and all Jimmy's admirers should have one—can obtain them of the publisher, John Pittock, the enterprising news dealer at Pittsburgh, Pa.

CRIBBAGE EXERCISE.—EDITOR CLIPPER: Please insert the following exercise in *pegging*, for the amusement of beginners of Six Card Cribbage. To count at the third and every subsequent play for a sequence; also, to count for "15," and the last card, the eighth, to count for "31." Solution:

A plays the	6,		6
B plays the	4,		10
A plays the	5,	pegging 5	15
B plays the	3,	pegging 4	18
A plays the	4,	pegging 3	22
B plays the	2,	pegging 4	24
A plays the	3,	pegging 3	27
B plays the	4,	pegging 4	31

L.

THE RING.

Come and see Sam Turner,
THE GREAT CANINE MEDICO, at the UNION HOUSE, 52 PORTLAND STREET, BOSTON, where choice Wines were formerly kept, but since the invasion of the State Police in Boston on rumsellers, Mr. TURNER has converted his hotel into a Chop House, where the good things can be got for the inner man, and good beds for the weary traveler, on the European plan. Bell's Life in London taken in every week.

Mr. TURNER has recently sold his Italian stock dog for $150, but still retains some of the same stock got by him, which are the purest breed in America; likewise a great selection of Ruff and Scotch Terriers, Black and Tans, and the purest blooded Bull Dogs in the United States always for sale, and all orders promptly attended to by Mr. TURNER himself, and forwarded to all parts of the United States with the greatest of care. All money orders to be sent by express—if not I cannot be answerable for it.

Mr. TURNER having for many years made all kinds of infectious diseases of dogs his whole study, will now guarantee to cure the mange in three days, which has been tested by hundreds without one single case of failure. Likewise his Distemper Pills and Worm Medicine forwarded to all parts of the United States on receipt of $1. 1-3m*

DEATH OF CHARLEY LYNCH:
EX-CHAMPION OF THE FEATHER WEIGHTS.
SKETCH OF HIS CAREER FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE.
A SAD END.

ONE by one the noted men in the sporting world are passing away like a dream into the realms of mystery, to be heard of no more until the last day—the cold hand of Death remorselessly sparing none whom it sees fit to clasp in its icy embrace. Within the last year alone we have been called upon to chronicle the death of more than a dozen celebrities connected one way and another with the ring, half a dozen of whom were shining lights therein, men who had at times elicited the attention of the world, but who in too many instances died wretched deaths either in public institutions or far away from home and without a friend to close their eyes. It is but a few months since that we were called upon to note the death of one of the greatest boxers of modern times, the fearless and indomitable Tom Sayers, and that too ere he had turned his fortieth year, when most men outside of the sporting world are considered but in their prime. It is a singular thing that almost the first to go after the gallant Tom, and to whom we are about to refer, comes little Charley Lynch, the American who went to England and fought every one that came before him anything like his weight, and has left a record behind of his doings in the P. R. which will be the envy of all aspirants for similar honors in times to come.

Charley Logue, (or Lynch, as he was generally called) was born in the city of New York, on the 3d of July, 1836, of Irish parents. His mother died when he was quite young, but his father, who was a hard working, industrious man, acquired quite a little money at his trade, which was in some way connected with that of a builder, and was able to live comfortably till his death, which occurred, if we remember rightly, while Charley was in England. From early infancy the son showed "points" which satisfied those who know anything about such matters that if he ever lived to reach man's estate, he would turn out a boxer of no mean pretensions. His every move and appearance when only a kid showed unmistakable signs that he was cut out for a fighter, and about the time most youngsters begin to think of wearing boots and pants Charley's ideas were running on matters fistic, and numerous are the stories of his prowess in the usually happy days of childhood. When he grew old enough, and about our first acquaintance with the subject of this sketch, he was occupied as a pilot boy on the New York pilot boats, which method of living made him tough and hardy, as well as reckless in regard to danger, for he never knew what fear was. While thus employed he made the acquaintance of the late Jack Montgomery, Kit Burns, Brooklyn Jack, Collins, Jingles, Apple Jack, and other noted Fourth Ward sports, and under the patronage and with the good will of most of the other celebrities, getting tired of a seafaring life, he was duly installed as a publican, and became landlord of the Band Box in Water street, where he made out right well.

Charley was always very high strung, and had a temper of his own, and while in this state, knives or pistols had no more effect on his bull-dog courage than wooden squirts or popguns. Those who have lived in or traveled through the Fourth Ward, particularly Water street, know as well as we do that two of a trade seldom agree, particularly in the whiskey business; and as such we find Jack Montgomery, who kept across the way from the Band Box, and Charley Lynch often indulging in a little chin music. Some of those having a grudge against Montgomery would tattle about what Lynch had said about him, and *vice versa*, and after the affair was thoroughly worked up and each one led to believe the most improbable stories, the proper time arrived for the climax, which came at last, as most all similar things do come, while both were in their "cups." Montgomery and Lynch quarrelled, a fight ensued, and in the melee Lynch received a terrific cut on the head, the scar of which he carried to his grave. This, however, did not check his impetuosity or curb his temper, for soon afterwards he became engaged in another serious scrape where more than one was hurt, and the affair created such an excitement that a posse of police were detailed to hunt him down, which they almost succeeded in doing—at least they chased him to the end of the dock, and when they thought they had him sure, he jumped off the pier, and managed to swim under water such a distance that, after searching for a considerable time, they gave up the job under the impression that he must have drowned. Although not quite as bad as that, Charley came mighty near it, and most people would have gone to Davy Jones' Locker if they had undertaken a similar feat, but in this instance at least the old adage of not being born to be drowned was verified. Being satisfied that all was safe, Lynch swam towards a schooner, told the captain a pitiful story, was taken on board, clothed, fed, and was otherwise treated so well that he concluded to stay as one of the crew, and accompanied the vessel to its point of destination, and stayed away long enough for the trouble to blow over.

On his return to the city, nothing was done about the affair, and he was allowed to resume his business at his old stand without molestation. Things went on pretty quietly for awhile, until the advent of Flory McCarthy, (who was fatally stabbed last winter, at Slaughter House Point), an exceedingly active, wiry, skilful young man, who soon became a rival of Lynch, and one that he couldn't brook, but who as soon as put in the Fourth Ward barnyard, had to face the old rooster and show his colors, which he did in such a gallant and determined manner as to surprise all hands, and none more so than Lynch himself, who acknowledged that in Florence McCarthy, a clever, fun loving young fellow, he had met his equal. The exact data of this first important event in the pilot boy's career we are not in possession of, but there was no rubbing it out that Flory was a bitter pill for Charley to swallow, and while he did not materially affect the latter's prospect in life, it set the former on a lofty niche of fame among the sailor boarding and dance house keepers thereabouts. Previous to this, Lynch had a couple of minor turns up in Philadelphia, with two chaps named Lacon and Bradley, wherein he came off right side up with care.

The first recorded event for money was when he met Billy Toal, the Derry Youth, in a glove fight for $25 a side at Sportsman's Hall (now a coffin warehouse) in Madison street, then kept we believe by John Marriott. This affair came off on the 8th of May, 1856, and was pulled off in Lynch's favor after fighting 19 rounds in 40 minutes. Lynch's encounter and victory over the Derry Youth made his friends very sweet on him and led them to look out for other conquests, and when Denny Horrigan and Young Harrington came to this country ten years ago, the little American boy showed his grit by tackling one of them at their joint benefit and making it very hot. All these things combined to make him popular, and having had a trial of skill with the gloves with the wonderful little Andy Kelly, when the latter hit so many times with the gloves that he felt quite nettled, and after exchanging "cards" through our paper, arrangements were finally made for the two bantams to meet in the prize ring at catch weight for $150 a side.

The fight between Lynch and Kelly, aside from its fatal termination, was one of the most remarkable battles in the history of pugilism, and excited the wonder and admiration of all present. How a sickly, consumptive youth like Kelly, who was only held together by plasters, as it were, could fight like a race horse for nearly two hours, getting all over his sturdy-built opponent, and how Lynch could take such an amount of gruel for a comparative novice, was something really astounding. What might have been Lynch's destiny but for the unfortunate termination of this ever to be remembered contest, is a matter beyond our ken, but certain it is, that all hands concerned in that fight, both witnesses and principals, had to make themselves scarce—some went down to the sea in ships, including the victor, and fetched up in England—others sought refuge in cities far away from New York, until the excitement had blown over. Of seven parties, most directly interested, three have since died—Johnny Austin, the referee; Jonathan Edwards, stakeholder, and Jim. Lafferty, one of Kelly's seconds. Our notice of this great battle would not be completed without mentioning dates, so we have only to say further that it took place near Huyler's Landing, on the Jersey shore, Sept. 17, 1856, and that 85 rounds were contested in 105 min. It was a year or more before any thing important turned up respecting Lynch, or until the 27th of October, '57, when he met that clever exponent of fistic science, Simon Finighty, in England, and after fighting 95 rounds in 2h. 48min., but had to succumb to superior science. In his second encounter he was more successful, defeating Young Harrington in 58 rounds, 77 minutes, June 16th, '58. The remaining battles fought by him were as follows:—Beat Jack Sullivan, 29r., 48m., Aug. 17, '58; beaten by Dan Thomas, 56r., 100m., Jan. 25, '59; beat Simon Finighty, 43r., 70m., Aug. 2, '59; beaten by Billy Shaw, 37r., 60m., April 19, '60, when the police interfered and the fight was renewed the next day, when 61r. in 105m., were fought before the question of superiority was decided in Shaw's favor. This battle was intended originally to have taken place in the same ring as Heenan and Sayers, but, owing to the unsat

THE TURF.

Hoboken Course--Spring Meeting.

THE HUDSON COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY
Will hold their regular Spring Meeting at the Hoboken Course and Fair Grounds, four and one-half miles west of Hoboken, on the 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d June, 1866.

NO POSTPONEMENT on account of weather.
No deduction for a walk over.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, JUNE 19TH, 1866.

FIRST RACE.—The Jersey Stakes, a sweepstakes, selling premium of $300, for all ages, $50 entrance, pay or play, for one half-mile dash. The winner to be sold at auction immediately after the race; and unless the winner realise at such sale more than $1,000, the owner shall be at liberty to retain his horse. All over the sum of $1,000 so realized shall go to the Society. All horses entered or run in this race shall carry weight for age.

To close 1st June, 1866.

SECOND RACE.—Selling premium of $300, for all ages, one and one-half mile dash. Horses entered to be sold for $1,500 (no entries will be received for a higher price), to carry their appropriate weight; those entered for $1,000 allowed 7lbs; those entered for $500 allowed 14lbs. The winner to be sold at auction immediately after the race. All over the price named in the entry to go to the Society. The owner to retain his horse should he bring less than the sum named in his entry.

Entrance to this race, five per cent, and to go to second horse.

THIRD RACE.—The Ferry Stake; a Post Stake Premium of $400 for all ages, two mile heats, $50 entrance, pay or play; to carry 100 lbs., except in case of three year olds, which shall carry their appropriate weights. The second horse to save his entrance.

The subscriptions to this race to close 1st May, 1866, and the horses to be named in writing and delivered to the Secretary, at his office on the grounds, at or before 12 o'clock the day previous to the race.

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20TH, 1866.

FIRST RACE—Hurdle Race; a Handicap Premium of $400, for all ages, two mile dash, over eight hurdles. Five per cent entrance to go to second horse. Entries to close 1st June, 1866, and weights will be announced at the Course on 10th June, 1866; four or more to fill, and three to start, or no race.

SECOND RACE—Premium of $350, for all ages; 2¼ mile dash; five per cent entrance, the second horse to save his entrance.

THIRD RACE—Hoboken Stake; a Sweepstake Premium of $300, for three year olds, mile heats; out of mares which never produced a winner; $50 entrance, half forfeit. To close 1st May, 1866.

THIRD DAY—JUNE 21ST, 1866.

FIRST RACE—Selling Premium of $400, for all ages, 2¼ mile dash. Horses entered to be sold for $,3000 (no entries to be received for a higher price), to carry their appropriate weights; those entered for $2,000 allowed 7 lbs; those entered for $1,000 to be allowed 12 lbs.; those entered to be sold for $750 to be allowed 17 lbs.; the winner to be sold at auction at the usual terms as stated above, the second horse to save his entrance money.

SECOND RACE—Sweepstake Premium of $200, for all horses which never won a race. Entrance $25, pay or play, second horse to save his entrance. Dash of 2¼ miles. To close 1st June, 1866.

THIRD RACE—Premium of $400, for all ages. Two mile heats. Five per cent. entrance.

FOURTH RACE—The Sanford Stake for two year olds, a sweepstake of $100 entrance, $50 ft, dash of half a mile, to carry 80lbs; usual allowance to fillies and geldings. The winner of the two year old stake at Patterson to carry 7lbs extra. To close June 1st.

FOURTH DAY—JUNE 22, 1866.

FIRST RACE.—Steeple Chase—A Handicap Premium of $600, for all ages. About three miles, over a fair hunting country. Entrance 5 per cent., to go to second horse. Entries to close June 1, 1866. Weights announced at the Course June 10, 1866. Four or more to fill, and three to start, or no race.

SECOND RACE.—Sweepstakes—Premium of $400, for three year olds, dash of two miles, $50 entrance, pay or play. To close 1st of May, 1866.

THIRD RACE.—The Press Stake—A Post Stake Premium of $700, for all ages, to carry 100lbs., (except three year olds, which shall carry their regular weights), three mile heats, $100 entrance, pay or play, second horse to save his distance. To close 1st May, 1866. Horses to be named in writing to the Secretary at or before five o'clock the day previous to the race, or within thirty minutes after the close of the last race of the day previous.

The Association have now the assurance of six subscribers to the Ferry Post Stake, and of five subscribers to the Press Post Stake.

Entries to all premiums (except stakes) to be made to the Secretary in writing, on the grounds, within thirty minutes after the close of the last race of the day previous. In the above stakes the entrance money is added to the premiums, except in the Post Stakes.

The first race, each day, will come off promptly at 1:30 P. M.

All entries and other communications to be addressed to the Secretary at Hoboken, N. J., until the 18th June next. On and after that date they will be delivered to him on the grounds. In all races the usual allowance of 3lbs. will be made to mares and geldings. J. HARVEY LYONS, Secretary,
52-tf Hoboken, N. J.

Sweep for the Epsom Derby, 1866.

273 SUBSCRIBERS AT $10 EACH.

The drawer of the First Horse to receive	$1,000
The drawer of the Second Horse to receive	500
The drawer of the Third Horse to receive	300
The drawer of the Fourth Horse to receive	130
Equally divided among Starting Horses	550

NO DEDUCTIONS.

Entrances must be made before May 1st. Drawn May 16th.
For further particulars, address
50-tf THOS. RICHARDSON, 100 William st., N. Y.

The Dark Chestnut Trotting Stallion.

NOMINATION

By Wild Irishman, dam by Cassius M. Clay, out of an Abdallah mare, Abdallah by Mambrino by imported Messenger, 16 hands high, the best trotting blood in this Country, will stand from April 1st to August 1st, at the hotel of D. G. Gale, in the Village of Montgomery, Orange Co., N. Y. $25 to insure and money collected when proved in foal. The best of pasture at $6 per month. All accidents and escapes at the risk of the owner.
48 13t* JESSIE R. WOOD, Agent.

TROTTING ON THE FASHION COURSE, L. I.

THE ABINGDON STABLE SWEEPSTAKES.

A trotting contest came off on Tuesday, April 24th, on the Fashion Course, L. I., which, although not on the season's programme created a great amount of interest, and notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, attracted a large attendance. It was a sweepstakes trot between horses standing at livery at the Abingdon Stables in Bank street—all well known on the Bloomingdale Road and Harlem Lane as fast roadsters—and the object of the race was to ascertain which horse was best entitled to the "Championship" for speed of the above popular stable. The race was mile heats, best three in five, in harness, owners to drive; catch weight, with no distance except for foul driving; the prize to the winner was a set of light double harness, a purse of $400 and a dinner; the second best horse taking a purse of $100. The day was very unpropitious, light showers falling occasionally, and pressing a heavy rain storm, while the wind blew a perfect gale, sadly interfering with the time table. Owing to this, many gentlemen in the city, believing that the race would be put off, as a "good day and good track" was stipulated, did not drive over to the course, and were consequently disappointed in seeing the contest. There were eight horses entered by their owners, viz.: Nellie Taylor, Commodore Nutt, State of Maine, Lady Clute, Belle, Frank, Mac, and Jumbo; the last named three, however, were absentees on the day of the race. Pool selling was very spirited, the owners of the respective horses and their immediate friends investing their greenbacks pluckily on their fancies. Commodore Nutt had the call in the majority of the pools, Lady Clute occasionally bringing the highest figure, while the others only brought a trifling sum when sold collectively; the issue, in the general opinion, lying between the two horses above named.

First Heat.—All got off well together, and went around the upper turn in a cluster, Belle, State of Maine, and Nellie Taylor all up and on a run. The Commodore and Lady Clute quickly drew clear of the others, and as they passed the quarter pole the former was two lengths ahead of her Ladyship, and the others several lengths behind. Going along the back stretch the same positions were preserved, but as the half-mile pole was approached, the mare closed rapidly on the leader, and was only a length behind as they passed that point. On the Flushing stretch she lay at his wheel, and lapped him at the three-quarter pole. A beautiful race now ensued, both turning into the home stretch side by side, and after a close and most exciting struggle, the Commodore won the heat by a length and a half, in 2:52½. Except the mare, all the others were beyond the distance stand, but as there was no distance, this was immaterial.

Second Heat.—Commodore Nutt was now the favorite at $100 to $40. When the word was given, State of Maine took the lead, the favorite breaking just as the word was given. Lady Clute and State of Maine led around the turn and along the back stretch, both on a continued run, and her Ladyship about fifty yards ahead. At the half mile pole she struck a trot for the first time, and kept it to the end, beating Commodore Nutt, who trotted squarely all the way, by four lengths. Notwithstanding her running performance the judges awarded the heat to the mare. Time 2:53½.

Third Heat.—The betting still showed the Commodore had not lost the good opinion of his friends, although he had lost a heat, for about $100 to $40 was currently offered that he won the race. He got away with the lead as soon as the word "go" was pronounced, Lady Clute laying at his wheel around the turn, and to the quarter pole. On the back stretch she broke up and lost ground, but recovered it so rapidly that Nutt was only one length ahead at the half mile pole. A fine race ensued on the Flushing stretch, the mare going up to the Commodore's head, and they passed the three quarter pole side by side. All the way up the home stretch the same close and magnificent struggle was witnessed, the Commodore winning the heat by a short neck only, in 2:52. The others were "nowhere."

Fourth Heat.—Commodore Nutt again had the best of the send off, and led two lengths to the quarter pole; Lady Clute, who had broken twice in succession on the turn, being next him. The mare trotted gamely on the back stretch, and at the half mile pole was at the Commodore's wheel. She lapped him on the three quarter stretch, another superb struggle ensued, both horses being head and head until close at home, when the Commodore showed in front, and crossing the score a length in advance of the mare, won the heat and race in 2:53½. Belle and Nellie Taylor were beaten over one hundred yards, and State of Maine did not start for the heat. The following is a summary:—

Tuesday, April 24.—Sweepstakes, a set of harness and $400, $100 to the second best; mile heats, best three in five, in harness, owners to drive, catch weight.

Owner entered b g Commodore Nutt	1	2	1	1
Owner entered blk m Lady Clute	2	1	2	2
Owner entered b m Belle	4	4	4	3
Owner entered ch m Nellie Taylor	5	5	5	4
Owner entered b g State of Maine	3	3	3	dr
Owner entered ch g Frank	dr			
Owner entered br h Mac	dr			
Owner entered bl h Jumbo	dr			

Time, 2:52¼; 2:53¾; 2:52; 2:53½.

THE THIRD OF THE SEASON'S PURSES.

The third of the purses for the spring trotting season, given by the proprietor of the Fashion Course, L. I., was trotted for on Friday, April 27th, on that track. There was a fair attendance, the day being fine and fair, although somewhat chilly for the advanced season, and the track was in excellent order. The purse was $100, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, and was for horses that, at the time of entry, had never trotted in public. There were eleven entries, of which the following six started: Dan. Pfifer's b. m. Lida, Dan Mace's b. g. Sam, J. Somerindyke's b. g. Pedler, A. Patterson's b. g., (unnamed) and J. Wood's b. g. George; the absentees were T. Oregan's Lady Hunter, S. R. Perkins' Toby Candor, R. Ogle's Lady Marceline, J. Crook's New York, owner's Cassius M. Clay, Jr., and M. C. Smith's Kate Atwood. Pfifer's mare came with a high private reputation for speed, and so great was the confidence reposed in Davis' training skill, and abilities as a driver, that the betting men at once made her the favorite against the field at the odds of $100 to $50. In the pools she sold at the rate of $65, Sam bringing $25, and the others, combined, 8. Mace drove Sam; Ike Woodruff, Pedler, and Roden handled the reins over George.

First Heat.—George and Pedler got off first, Lida and Sam being the next two. George broke in going around the turn, and Lida going in front, led Sam a length to the quarter pole, which was passed in 39s. Lida kept her lead along the back stretch, past the old stand, and at the half-mile pole was three lengths ahead of Sam, who was a length before Patterson's bay gelding; time, 1:18. Trotting steadily throughout, Pfifer's mare came home a winner of the heat in 2:41, beating Sam by three lengths, the bay gelding third, Pedler fourth, and George distanced.

Second Heat.—Offers to lay $100 to $30 on Lida, were plentiful, but takers scarce. The send off was a bad one, the Patterson bay gelding having considerably the best of it; Sam and Lida close together, and Pedler last. In this order they went around the turn, but at the quarter pole Lida was a length before Sam, who had broken and was on a run, and Patterson third; time, 39 secs. Going past the old stand, on the back stretch, Patterson passed Sam, and made a vigorous effort to reach the mare, but could not fairly do it, as she passed the half mile pole half a length ahead in 1:18. On the Flushing stretch, these two were lapped and a pretty race ensued all the way to the turn into the home stretch, when the gelding broke, and the mare improved the opportunity to open so wide a gap, that she came home a very easy winner by three lengths in 2:37, being four seconds faster than the preceding heat. Sam was second, having passed the bay gelding when he broke on the home stretch, and Pedler last.

Third Heat.—No betting, as it was clear that, bar accident, the mare must win the race. Nearly an hour was wasted in trying to get a fair send off, owing to Pedler and Sam breaking alternately near the score, as they came up for the word. Sam got the best of the send off, with the favorite second, and the former quickly took the inside track from the mare, but could not long maintain his advantage, as she carried him to a break at the turn, and passing him, was a length ahead at the quarter pole in 40 secs., the bay gelding being second. The favorite led along the back stretch to the half mile pole in 1:17, Sam half a length ahead of the bay and Pedler out of the race. The mare came away by herself, and won easily by two lengths, all the others being on a run as they crossed the score. Time, 2:39. We give the summary:—

FASHION COURSE, L. I., April 27—Purse $100, mile heats, best three in five, in harness:

D. Pfifer named b. m. Lida	1	1	1
D. Mace named b. g. Sam	2	2	2
J. Somerindyke named b. g. Pedler	4	4	3
A. Patterson named b. g. ——	3	3	4
J. Wood named b. g. George	dis.		

TIME	Quar. Mile.	Half Mile.	Mile.
First heat	0:39	1:18	2:41
Second heat	0:39	1:18	2:37
Third heat	0:40	1:17	2:39

THE HOBOKEN SPRING MEETING.

CLOSING OF THE STAKES.

RECENT ARRIVAL OF RACE HORSES.

The number of race horses in training at the Hoboken Course, at Secaucus, under the superintendance of Colonel McDaniels, has last week been considerably increased by fresh arrivals. Among the new accessions we noticed on a recent visit, the stable of Denis Reedy, the well known Canadian turfman and steeple chase rider, who has brought on the celebrated race horse Thunder, and a very promising racing like two year old black filly by Wagram, out of Lady Franklin, by imported Jordan, for which he claims the name of "Lizzie Worthman." His steeple chase horses Zigzag and Copeck have been sent to Cincinnati, to run for the hurdle race and steeple chase at the May meh ting, but they will be here in ample time for the Hoboken Race Meeting in June. The famous old gray, Thunder, is looking better than he has done for a long time, and his able trainer believes that he has recovered his four year old form, when he swept everything before him at all distances from two to four mile heats. So highly does Denis Reedy think of his capabilities that he has entered him for the great four mile heat race at Fordham, the Inauguration Stakes, and for which the great racing cracks Asteroid, Kentucky, Fleetwing, Idlewild, Delaware, Onward, Loadstone, Beacon and twenty others are also entered. The once highly thought black colt Blackbird by Albion out of a Glencoe mare, who, four years ago, was matched against the renowned mare Idlewild, for twenty thousand dollars at three and four mile heats, has also arrived at the track, to be trained by Col. McDaniels for the season. He has apparently entirely recovered from the lameness which affected him when in Dr. Weldon's hands and which necessitated his paying forfeit in the matches above mentioned. The Colonel has recently purchased the well known brood mare, Lady Sykes, with her promising three year old gray colt by Breckenridge, and Miss Lightfoot with a two year old bay colt by Lexington. There are already between fifty and sixty horses here.

Four of the stakes at the forthcoming spring meeting, the Ferry Stake, a post stake purse of $400 for all ages, two mile heats; the Hoboken Stake, a sweepstake of $300, for three year olds, mile heats; a two mile stake and the Press Stake, a post stake purse of $700 for all ages, three mile heats, close this day (Tuesday, May 1st).

As will be seen from the advertisement in another column, Col. McDaniels has added to the already abundant programme for the spring meeting another race of a very interesting character. This is a sweepstakes for two year olds, $100 entrance, $50 forfeit, half a mile dash; each horse to carry 80 lbs., fillies and geldings the usual allowance, and the winner of the two year old stake at the Paterson spring meeting to carry 7 lbs. extra. The stake, which is named the "Sanford Stake," in compliment to the distinguished patron of the turf, M. H. Sanford, Esq., closes on June 1st, and we feel assured that it will not only fill well, but produce a most interesting race among the youngsters. Now that the new excise law has closed the usual places of resort in the city on Sundays, the Hoboken Race Course will be a favorite drive for New Yorkers, enabling them both to witness the interesting sight of the training of thoroughbreds, and enjoy a most delightful and pleasant ride through a beautiful district.

TROTTING ON THE UNION COURSE, L. I.—A GENERAL FORFEIT.—The first of the series of purses given by the proprietor of the Union Course, L. I., was announced to come off on Tuesday, the 24th ult., but postponed until the next day on account of the unpropitious weather. It was a purse of $100, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, and had the following four horses entered: Lady Smith, New York, Pedler and Mambrino Pilot. The great reputation of Mambrino Pilot frightened away all opposition, none being found bold enough to face him, and he received forfeit. Mambrino Pilot belongs to Mr. Ralph, of Philadelphia, and is half brother to the slashing mare Lady Thorne, also owned by the same gentleman. This is the horse that was selected as the consort of the retired "Queen of the Trotting Turf," Flora Temple, and of the issue of their union great expectations are entertained. Mambrino Pilot is in four other purses on the Union Course. Summary:

UNION COURSE, L. I., April 24.—Purse $100, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

D. Pfifer entered br s Mambrino Pilot	Rec'd forfeit
J. Crooks entered br g New York	Paid forfeit
J. Somerindyke entered b g Pedler	Paid forfeit
J. Smith entered b m Lady Smith	Paid forfeit

TROT AT RIVERSIDE, BOSTON.—At the race on April 26th, at Riverside Park, for a purse of $200, mile heats, 3 in 5, to harness, between M. Carroll's s. g. Albany Boy and J. J. Bowen's ch. m. Lady Flagner, the former won in three straight heats. Time—3:10; 2:52; 2:53¾.

BILLIARDS.

Billiards.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN THE BILLIARD COMMUNITY.

W. H. GRIFFITH'S Unrivalled Combination Cushions and Tables are now taking the lead, and are being daily substituted in the place of all the different makers' patent humbug cushions, which is a sufficient guarantee of their superiority for elasticity, correctness of angles, and durability, which he offers for sale at reasonable prices. Call and examine, or send your orders by mail to his factory, 186 Fulton street, which will be promptly attended to. 3-3m

McDevitt's Billiard Rooms,

185 SIXTH AVENUE, 185
One door from Thirteenth street, N. Y.

This well-known Billiard Establishment, having been purchased by the subscriber, has been entirely refitted, and now contains

ELEVEN OF THE PHELAN & COLLENDER STANDARD AMERICAN TABLES.

Polite and attentive attaches. Wines and Liquors of the finest qualities. Cigars of the choicest brands.

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Kavanagh and Decker.

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,
No. 235 CANAL, CORNER CENTRE STREET, N. Y.

The attention of the public is respectfully called to the following opinion of

MR. JOHN ROBERTS,
CHAMPION BILLIARD PLAYER OF ENGLAND.

* * * "I have always endeavored to give my opinion in an unbiassed manner. * * * In respect to American built tables, in my tour through a great part of the country I have played upon most of the makers' tables, and I have no hesitation in giving my highest approval of those manufactured by Messrs. KAVANAGH & DECKER, of New York. A perfect angle I know they have, and from their peculiar construction I should consider them more durable and serviceable than any others manufactured here. JOHN ROBERTS.

"Metropolitan Hotel, April 2, 1866."

Illustrated Catalogues and Price Lists sent by mail.
KAVANAGH & DECKER,
4-3m No. 235 Canal, corner Centre street, New York.

CHARITABLE BILLIARD EXHIBITION.—On Wednesday evening, April 25th, a numerous and select assemblage of interested spectators, a large proportion of whom was composed of the fairer sex, were present at the Germania Rooms, 293 Bowery, to witness a billiard exhibition given by those eminent professors of the noble game, Messrs. Phelan, Carme, McDevitt and Deery, in aid of the movement for the benefit of the families of the Irish State Prisoners, and for which a fancy fair was then being held in the same building. The first game was between Messrs. Phelan and Deery, 300 points up, around the table, and was won by the Champion by 26 points. McDevitt and Deery then measured their billiardistic strength in a game of 150 points up, the latter coming out triumphant by 62 points. The distinguished French expert, Pierre Carme, then gave an exhibition of his surprising masse and fancy shots, which elicited the admiration and wonder of the deeply interested spectators.

THE OHIO CHAMPIONSHIP.—The match for the Champion Cue of Ohio between John Frawley of Cleveland, its present holder, and Harry Choate, the accomplished Cincinnati amateur, is definitely fixed to come off at Brainerd's Hall, Cleveland, on Thursday, the 17th inst. Mr. Choate was originally the winner of the Golden Cue at the State Tournament held in Cincinnati last May, and it was from him that Frawley wrested it in their match played September 30th, 1865.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CHAMPIONSHIP.—The match for the golden sceptre of billiards in the Keystone State between Robert T. Ryall, the present Champion, and Victor Estephe, is arranged to come off on Monday evening, the 14th inst., at Concert Hall, Philadelphia. Estephe, it will be remembered, won the cue in the State Tournament held in 1864, and after successfully maintaining it against Ryall, Montgomery and Nelms, resigned it into the hands of the Billiard Congress. He is now again an aspirant for its possession.

ABOUT BILLIARD TABLES.—Opinions differ on almost every article of merchandize, and, in fact, on everything, and when an ordinary individual expresses his views on this or that subject or object, it is generally thought of little account, but when an opinion comes from a man who stands A-No. 1, in his respective calling, it is always conceded that he must know as much, if not more than most people, and as such, we call attention to the card from John Roberts, the English billiard champion, in relation to the Kavanagh and Decker billiard tables. It will prove of interest to all interested in the game.

SPORTS ABROAD.

YOUNG MICKEY BENT SUCCUMBS TO TIM COLLINS.

Some time since the veteran English buffer, Mickey Bent, matched his son Mickey to contend with Tim Collins, one of Nat Langham's pets, for £25 a side at 8st 4lb. Collins is 21 years of age, and stands 5ft. 5in. He has performed in the magic circle with varied success. In his first essay he beat Pickett, fought a draw with Hatton's Spider, was beaten by Jerry Hawkes (after fighting three hours), and his engagement with Dackem resulted in a draw. In his last shy with Bob Furze he lost the battle. Mickey Bent is in his twentieth year, and his height 5ft. 4½in. As Collins could not bring himself down to the stipulated weight, it was agreed some time ago that they should try conclusions at catch-weight, and both of them were about 8st 9lb. Collins held his *levees* at Nat Langham's, where 6 to 4 was laid freely on his opponent. An East-End station was visited early on the morning of the 10th ult., and a journey by rail and a trip across the water brought the combatants together in a ring pitched by Fred Oliver and Puggy White. The colors of the men were a variegated dark chocolate for Collins, and a blue and white border for Bent. At twenty-one minutes to ten they stepped forward to the scratch for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Ned Donnelly and Job Cobley (though Hicks came afterwards, in place of Cobley) for Bent, and O'Baldwin and Iles for Collins. After long sparring, Tim got on the ribs, and received in the face. Mutual counters, and Collins dropped twice on the chest. This brought them to close quarters, and they thumped away—Bent on the body and Collins on the face—till they fell down together. Time, 12½ min. First blood for Bent.

2. Collins landed a rib-roaster, and counters ensued. Tim then got successively on the breast twice, and a hot 'un on the mouth, which was received with cheers and offers to take odds in his corner. Mickey was stopped prettily, but in the next attempt got on the left cheek, Collins countering on the right eye. Collins sent two spankers on the jaw and a little one on the chest, and in trying it on the fourth time Mickey played a heavy slap on the mouth. In the close both tried wrestling, but finding Jack was as good as his master, Tim pegged away at the face, and they fell through the ropes. Time, 37 min.

3. They now warmed to their work and countered rapidly, Bent on the mouth and left ear, and Collins drew blood from the nose and raised a mouse on the right eye. A close ensued, and Tim got Mickey's head fast and pitched him cleverly down. Time, 41 min.

4. Bent's brow was bumped, and his nose and right cheek swollen. Tim was at work with his left and landed two on the left eye without a return. They rushed to close quarters and finished the round at the ropes. The betting was now 6 to 4 on Collins, who showed himself a much superior marksman and harder hitter than Bent, though the young 'un stood it gamely, and with confidence. Mickey's face was too fleshy, and contrasted unfavorably with the thin, sharp features of Collins.

5. This was short, and Collins slipped in four times on the sore right eye, and each time broke away laughing at his handiwork. Wild exchanges to holds, and they rolled down. Time, 50 min.

6 and 7. Collins at the right eye again, and, missing a second time, Bent dropped in his right on the jaw, and down at the ropes they went.

8. Collins was now urged to force the fighting, and he dashed in right and left on the dial, finishing by being thrown heavily by Mickey off the breast.

9. Tim once more on the right eye, which was followed by half-arm fibbing, and ended by Bent being swung down. Betting 2 to 1 on Collins.

10. Tim let out with his left on the throat, and again hit the right eye without a return, and in the close dropped down to avoid.

11 and 12. Slight counters, and Tim played on the nose and right eye, and avoided the returns by nimbly jumping back. They got together three times, and thumped away merrily, but by no means hard, Bent falling to avoid further punishment.

13. Collins up first as usual, and without any punishment, excepting a bump on the left cheek. Bent's right eye was cut, his brow showed little dimples, and the blood was trickling from the nostrils into the mouth. Mutual counters, and Collins gave a well-judged upper-cut on the mouth. They set to work in right slogging style, and Collins, getting a little the worst of it, slipped down. Time, 1 hour 16 min. Our space will not allow of further particulars, and, indeed, the rounds which followed were of so similar a character as to weary out the patience of the spectators. They continued to fight for another hour, when a solitary blue appeared, and the ropes and stakes were transported and again pitched. Mickey was marked all over the dial, and his right eye was closed up, whilst his opponent was only flushed on the left cheek. At the commencement of the battle in the second ring, overtures were made by Bent's party to make it a draw, but Collins wouldn't have it unless he received the whole of the stakes. Considering the punishment Mickey had received, he contended pluckily up to the eighty-seventh round, when he fell exhausted, and the sponge was thrown up for him at ten minutes past two P.M. In the first ring the time occupied was 2 hours 16 min; in the second, 1 hour 13 min., or 3 hours 29 min. in all. The result of the battle was scarcely in doubt after the first half hour, for, notwithstanding the thoroughly game stand Mickey made at receiving one, two, and three to nothing, his face showed fleshy, and every rap told a tale against him. The frequent visitations on Collins' dial did not injure his sight; and Mickey's left might have been made more use of in leading off if he could have taken the advice of his seconds. He finished with a very hazy sight from the left eye, the other being closed up.

RATTLING MILL FOR A "TENNER" A SIDE.

On the 12th ult., Dan Crutchley and George Probert met near Barnt Green, Worcestershire, Eng., to try conclusions at catch weight for £10 a side. Dan is in his twenty-sixth year, and has fought several good battles. Probert is almost an untried man. He is twenty-three years of age, and was taken in hand by Joe Warom, the veteran trainer, who has a great opinion of his *protege*. An early start was made for the rendezvous, where a ring was pitched, and at twenty-five minutes past eight A.M., the pair faced each other for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Crutchley weighed fully 11st. Probert stood right leg first. Dan dashed out his left on the right cheek, and again on the chest, and getting warmly countered on the nose, slipped down at the ropes.

2. Probert invested hotly on the jaw, and again on the back of the head as Crutchley was retreating. Dan down on the ropes. 30 to 20 on Probert.

3. Both fell harmlessly when closed.

4. Probert dropped a stinger on the jaw, but was well countered on the chest. Getting on the ear, George fought his man down.

5. They got together, and some capital half-arm work ensued, Probert investing on the right eye, and making a gash on the lid.

Round 6 was mere wrestling, Dan undermost.

7. Both countered simultaneously, Probert on the left temple, Dan on the nose, which brought on some good exchanges, Dan getting down cleverly, Probert striking at him there, on which the referee was eagerly surrounded.

8 to 14. Probert was gradually taking the lead, and astonished his friends by the science he displayed, and the thoroughly game manner in which he conducted the contest. Dan fought very pluckily, and with great judgment.

15. Dan popped in one on the nose, Probert retaliating by a fine shot on the jaw, from which Dan dropped *insidaler*.

16 to 18. Both began to show symptoms of rough usage, their right organs of vision much contracted, with sundry bumps and scratches. Probert (in the eighteenth bout) made a dig at the ribs, and landed a fine upper cut as Dan was retiring, following him into his corner, where, after a slight exchange, Dan got down.

19 to 49 were contested with much spirit, Probert having the pull to about the thirty-third, when Dan revived and made matters level. Both had their right organ of vision nearly snuffed out, but otherwise not seriously damaged. At this point the police came up, and a hasty scamper was made for home, a meeting being held at the referee's, and the men ordered to be at Newstreet station at a quarter to three. Probert was at hand, but Crutchley did not turn up. After an hour being allowed at the meeting place, an extra fifteen minutes was then given, but not showing, the referee awarded the stakes to Probert.

J. EVANS OUTGENERALS CHARLEY ROSE.—On the 19th ult. these Brummagem, Eng., lads met to try their skill, at catch weight, for a "fiver." Evans has had two or three little "goes" previously, and Rose had also performed on five previous occasions, out of which he only won once. The rendezvous was the Green Lanes, Nechells. They fought most gamely for an hour and a half, but from the eleventh round Rose had no chance, and after the thirty-third he was obliged to succumb from sheer exhaustion, having been receiver general during the greater portion of the fight. Several investments were made at 5 and 6 to 4 on the winner.

PASSMORE PASSED TOO MANY FOR FRESHWATER.—These London, Eng., pugs met on April 9th at a well-known trysting spot, "down the river," to fight at catch weight, Passmore staking £6 to £5. After a gallant fight of 1 hour 3 min., during which forty-one rounds were fought, the sponge was thrown up for Freshwater, who was severely punished about the left ear and body, whilst Passmore showed handiwork on the eyes and mouth. Jack Hicks and the Deaf-'un seconded the winner, and Jack Baldock and Jock Ryan did the needful for the losing man.

TWO BANTAMS HAVE A GO.—A merry mill took place near Leicestershire, Eng., on the 7th ult., between Young Fowers and Dan Kingston (*alias* Young Faston), for £5 a side. Young Fowers was seconded by a well-known pug and stranger, while Young Faston had the company of Young Hiffe, of Sandpit lane, and Jem Turner, of Nottingham. There was a spirited battle for one hour and a quarter, when Young Kingston was fairly beaten. Just as the men were dressing, the police came and apprehended them. They were fined £1 each and costs.

THE BRITISH P. R. CHAMPIONSHIP.—May 1st was the date appointed for the eventuation of the great match between Jem Mace and Joe Goss for £200 a side and the highest honors of the magic circle in Britain. At latest advices (April 14th) the men were upon the eve of entering into strict training, and a right royal struggle was anticipated. The man of Norwich is the favorite in the betting, and it appears to be accepted as a foregone conclusion that he will come off the conqueror. Win or lose Mace has announced his intention of retiring from the fistic arena after this battle, and will hereafter be known as a sporting publican, having recently purchased and fitted up the Strawberry Hotel Grounds, Liverpool.

OFF.—The match between Jem Dillon and Bob Travers for £100 a side, which was to have taken place in the London district, Eng., on April 17th, is "off," Dillon being compelled to forfeit the £82 10s. down on account of not being able to bring himself to the stipulated weight, viz., 10st. He has issued a fresh challenge in which he says he will make a match with Jack Rooke, Patsey Reardon, or any other man in the world at 10st. 4lb., for £100 a side, Rooke having the preference.

J. B. MURPHY,

Of Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels, will communicate by telegraph with S. S. PURDY, of Hooley's Minstrels, where a letter will reach him. 4-1t*

BANJO! BANJO! BANJO! Correctly taught.

Banjo Book, with or without a Master, mailed $1, also violin taught by J. SIVORI, (of Bryants' Minstrels,) successor to F. B. Converse, 474½ Broadway, New York.
4-1t*

COCKING.

COCKING TOURNAY IN ALBANY.

A main of cocks was recently fought at Johnny Smith's pit in Albany, N. Y., between Frank Bray, of that city, and Bill Hardman, of Greenbush, both of whom are well known among the lovers of chanticleer of warfare. Each showed fifteen cocks, of which eleven fell in weight, the betting at the commencement being at odds of $100 to $80 on Hardman, he having fresh cocks, while Bray produced the same chicks which contested in his previous main with Mulholland in New York. The main was for $50 a battle, and $500 the odd Baldy Regan handling for Bray, and Sammy Doude for Hardman. There was quite a large attendance of sports on hand, and speculation upon the event was lively.

1st Match. The tournament commenced by a combat between a couple of heavy weights, viz: 5lbs. 4oz., Bray producing a black red, against which Hardman pitted a pile, the latter coming off with flying colors after a severe struggle.

2d. Bray brought forth another black red, 5lbs. 3oz., Hardman showing a blue red, 5lbs. 3oz. After three flies, the palm of victory was awarded to the Albany representative.

3d. Bray now placed his hopes upon a Dugan grey, Hardman facing him with a pile. The grey broke the back of the latter at the first fly. Betting still in favor of Hardman, their offers being freely taken by the partisans of the other man.

4th. Hardman now claps the gaffs on a black red, Bray selecting as his champion a Dugan blue grey, the latter proving an easy victor. The market now underwent a change, and odds of $100 to $90 were offered on the Albany man.

5th. A black red for Bray and a grey for Hardman. After a game battle the former achieved another triumph, which caused his backers to become very jubilant, and offers of $100 to $50 went begging.

6th. Each produced a pile. After a short struggle another victory was accredited to Bray, he having thus far lost but one battle.

7th. Bray showed a Dugan blue grey, Hardman betting his stamps on a black red, the latter winning, after having broken the other fowl's back and wing.

8th. Hardman thought so well of his champion in the previous bout that he rested his hopes on him again, Bray showing a pile. The black red did not have the same luck as before, the pile speedily causing him to show the white feather, Bray thus winning the main. Denny Coleton was referee, James O'Brien stakeholder, Denny Harrison umpire for Bray, and Hen. O'Brien for Hardman. Frank Bray, the lucky competitor in this main, is ready to fight a main of cocks against any man in the country, give or take expenses, for any amount of money.

AQUATICS.

James McKay,

BOAT BUILDER AND SPOON OAR MAKER.

Builder of all Hamill's boats, also Ward's celebrated four-oared boats, also Harvard and Yale University boats. Sail, Fishing and Pleasure boats built to order. Red House, 106th st.,
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Shell Boats Built to weigh One Pound to the Foot.

Spoon Oars of the latest improved style. 50 different kinds of Boats on hand. The late Yale College, Ward Brothers and Hamill's Shells were built at this shop. We are prepared to beat our last boats, as we learn something every day—at the old Boat Building Shop, foot of 114th street and Harlem River, New York.
47-tf STEPHEN ROBERTS.

The Office,

No. 13 EAST HOUSTON STREET, NEW YORK CITY,
HIGHAM BROTHERS.....Proprietors.
The best of Ales, Wines Liquors and Cigars.
N. B.—Files of English and American Sporting and other Newspapers in the Reading Room. 46-tf

FIRST REGATTA OF THE SEASON.—A Portland, Me., correspondent, writing on the 25th of April, says:—"The first regatta of the season came off in our harbor this forenoon. The weather was very unfavorable for quick time; a cold wind blew spitefully, and the current was running at the rate of three miles an hour. The first race, in single sculls, was won easily by Walter Brown in the Ned James; he rowed very leisurely over the course, two miles, in nineteen minutes. The second race was for working boats of all description, without outriggers. Brown rowed over the course with the working boats, beating easily. The first prize was won by the Hornet, six oars. Time, 25:10; distance, three miles. The third and last race—for six-oared boats—was the most interesting of the day; only one boat answered to the call of time—the Una, of the Una Boat Club, a splendid six-oared cedar shell, built by Brown, who pulled stroke and *steered*; no others coming forward, the boat started against the U. S. Steamer Tyro. It was so rough that the boat came near swamping several times; but she beat the steamer three hundred yards, and made the mile and a half in 8:10, the three miles in 20:20, winning the Champion Cup and the Championship of Casco Bay."

CRICKET.

Cricket! Cricket! Cricket!

I have just received a
FULL STOCK OF FIRST CLASS CRICKET GOODS,
direct from best makers in London.
SEND FOR PRICE LIST.
JOSEPH PARKER,
4-6t* Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB.—The opening day of the season of this club will be on Saturday next, the 5th inst., on their grounds at Hoboken, on which occasion a large muster of the members of the club and the friends of cricket is anticipated. This club have secured the use of the Willow Cricket Club Ground, at Bedford, L. I., three days in the week, and of the St. George's Ground, Hoboken, for two days. They have not yet closed an engagement with any professional,

MESMERIC POWER.

A FRENCH STORY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Will Doctor Weisse call at Madame Le Verte's immediately?
8:20 P. M."

The note had been left within half an hour. I called a cab and started for the palatial residence of my fair patient forthwith."

Fair, did I say? Magnificent would better express it.

As I rode, I thought. Black thoughts they were that came into my mind. The previous night I had lost 20,000 francs at the gaming table. To disguise the fact to myself had been indeed useless—I was a penniless practitioner. Worse than that, I had given my note, payable at sight, for 2,000 francs. How was this demand to be met? Bah! it is easy to ask questions—hard to answer them.

The house was reached, and I was ushered into Madame's presence. She reclined on a brocatelle sofa, *en dishabille*, one little hand half hidden beneath her dimpled cheek, and her round, white arm exposed to view.

Her embroidered skirts failed to screen the delicate foot and dainty ankle.

"Another of those fearful headaches," she exclaimed, as I approached and felt her pulse.

The waiting maid retired.

"Did I believe in mesmerism?" was almost her first question.

"No."

"Men are *so* skeptical."

"And women *so* credulous."

"Really, my gallant doctor has forgotten his gallantry."

The great, black eyes were rolled up towards me, fringed by their silken lashes, half surprisingly, half petulantly.

I said, apologetically, "Nay, my dear madame, there may be something in this mesmerism, but I never saw it thoroughly enough tested to convince me that it was a science. Attractive power does certainly exist—in a woman's eyes, for instance.

She blushed slighily, and smiled sufficiently to show her small, pearl-like teeth.

"A truce to compliments, doctor; come, try your own power at mesmerizing, and I will be your subject."

Objections were useless. I drew a chair towards the sofa, and bending over the self-willed beauty, I made the ordinary passes. Gradually the muscles of the face relaxed; the extremities became cold; the eyes closed, and, after a few quickly drawn sighs, the breathing grew deep and regular. I was surprised at the effect. Her lips were slightly parted, and she seemed enjoying the most perfect repose. Could I disturb this repose? I would test that, too.

"Open your eyes, and behold your lover," I said.

She immediately obeyed, and I bent down and kissed her, exercising the utmost power of my mind meantime to kindle in her breast an amorous passion. Her eyes sparkled with lustrous light, and under my soft caresses her bosom heaved tumultuously. She threw her willowy arms around my neck, and panted vigorously.

So far, so good. But more serious and less pleasant thoughts were troubling my mind. Could I turn my newly developed influence to any pecuniary advantage? I sat for a long time thinking on this subject, continuing at odd intervals my caresses of Madame Le Verte.

She was immensely wealthy and a widow. In age she could not have been upwards of twenty-three. She was in the very blossom of ripe womanhood, and I had long ago divined that her many calls for me were attributable to something else than need of my professional services. But this is not here nor there. My thoughts just then were neither of love nor romance. Money! money! money! The word stalked through the chambers of my brain and echoed like the hollow sound of a ghost's footfall. Money, to satisfy the insatiate demon of the gaming-board, who holds the lodestone of Fate in his red right hand, and draws to his ghastly bosom the weak and susceptible victims.

Was the passion for play less strong than for love? If I could rouse one, why not the other, too?

"Behold the game," I said, again bringing my mind to bear on hers. "See, it is *rouge et noir*. Ah, you go a thousand on the black! Now they turn the card—the black wins. You double the stakes. What, winner again!—and yet again. You will double your fortune at this rate." She was perfectly under my control. Her eyes glistened as the imaginary Napoleons rolled towards her, and she shuddered when she lost, very much as I had shuddered when I saw the last of my 20,000 francs go into the hands of the banker. Bah! was I a baby, to cry over spilt milk?

I feared the trance was lasting too long. I took Madame tenderly in my arms, and made the counteracting passes. Her eyes closed for a moment and then opened dreamily, as one waking from a sleep.

In the position that she now occupied, not only was her foot and ankle exposed, but also the lower portion of a magnificent limb. She noticed this presently, but made no effort to conceal it.

"Ah, Doctor," she said, "I have been in the seventh heaven of happiness. And who, think you, was my companion angel?"

I stooped to stop her voice with a kiss, but she drew my head down upon her warm, splendid bosom.

II.

Six months later. I was rich—richer than I had ever expected to be again in the sad days of my reverses. Mercilessly and ruthlessly had I used the strange power that I had obtained over Madame Le Verte. Again and again had I tempted her to play, and then, by wicked coalition with the bankers, I had possessed myself of a large portion of her wealth, and, moreover, luck had run greatly in my favor, and the fickle jade, Fortune, smiled ever and often upon me.

It was the height of the summer season. Paris was deserted. Baden Baden was crowded. I would go to Baden Baden. For my health? No. To gamble? No; not entirely for that. Why, then? do you ask. I will tell you. Madame Le Verte had learned to dread me, and, moreover, to escape the fatal fascination of my mesmeric power, she had left the city and flown, none knew whither. Might she not be at Baden Baden?

The first evening of my arrival at the famous watering place, I overheard a conversation in the smoking room of the hotel. I transcribe it. The speakers were two aristocratic young men:—

"It was a wonderful run of luck."

"Call it luck? I tell you, Henri, it was something deeper than that. The woman has sold her soul to the devil, and plays at his dictation. No bank can hold out long against her. I watched her last night, and to my certain knowledge her winnings did not fall short of 200,000 francs. She is in league with the infernal one."

"Pooh, nonsense. She is a handsome woman, isn't she?"

"Remarkably beautiful, but not at all susceptible to the tender passion, I judge. Were she it would not make a bad match for some bankrupt nobleman now to wed her."

The conversation branched off to general subjects, and I sauntered out on the verandah.

At Baden Baden women gamble much more desperately than men. Their love of gaming when once acquired is something fearful. They will stake everything, anything—fortune body or soul.

But who was this strange woman and whence her wonderful success? I would see her and judge.

It was a strictly private place where the game was played. None but invited guests were present. The game was simply for "diversion"—a diversion in which many a man had staked his last franc, and then walked coolly forth into the night air and blown his brains out—he wouldn't do it in the room of course; a Frenchman is too polite to commit suicide in public. This fine diversion caused pale cheeks and throbbing brows, and trembling hands and sickly fancies sometimes, and the Arch-fiend as he watched the red flames and black smoke of his fiery furnace, laughed grimly, for he knew that eventually he should gather all these people together and claim their souls as his winnings.

I gained admission to the room; how I did it is of no consequence. With certain objects in view, I had disguised myself thoroughly. I appeared as an elderly man somewhat corpulent.

Shortly after my arrival, a woman magnificently though not gaudily dressed, entered the room.

Her coming produced a sensation. "It is she," "now for some excitement," and like words were whispered in the company.

One glance was sufficient. I recognized the lady. She was Madame Le Verte, my quondam patient.

I watched her throughout the evening. Her winnings were enormous. What could be the secret of her success? Was the young Frenchman right? had she sold her soul to the devil?

The poor banker turned pale. He was worth two million francs, but here night after night he saw his wealth vanishing, and if it continued, how long before he would be penniless? Not a pleasant question.

Next morning I requested a private interview with the banker. It was granted. This was our conversation, the opening remark being mine:

"You are losing large sums of late, sir."

"Yes, curse it, success is out of the question when that strange woman plays. She seems to know what card is coming up every time, and wagers accordingly. I would give a large sum if she would never come near the board again."

"Very well, I have a proposition to make. It is that you relinquish the table to me to-night. I will bear all the losses and pay you five thousand francs, and of course if any money is won it will belong to me."

Without a moment's hesitation the gambler accepted my proposition.

That evening I donned my disguise, and all the arrangements being completed, I took seat my at the "bank." The party had expressed a desire to try their chances at a game not often played at Baden Baden, though extremely popular, I am told, in England and America—the game was faro. I think one reason for this course was that the visitors were curious to find out whether their mysterious lady gambler, whose success had been equally good at *rouge et noir* and *roulette*, would hold her own in this new game.

For the first hour of the playing I was utterly indifferent to results. Madame Le Verte had not appeared; at the end of that time she came. At her approach I bent down over the cards so that my face was hidden from her view. It was not until she had wagered fifty Napoleons on the king that I looked up. Then I gazed steadfastly and searchingly into her eyes. She turned slightly pale. I felt that the strange power of my mind over her's was asserting itself to the fullest extent. I turned the cards—"ace wins," and a young nobleman raked in a handful of gold. "Deuce loses," and an old marquisse groaned over the loss of twenty francs. "*King wins*," and then came a buzz of excitement from all sides. "The usual good luck;" "Madame can never lose," and like exclamations were uttered.

Again I looked into her eyes, and now every thought that was passing in her mind was revealed to me. She was about to bet on the tray. I commanded her mentally, and without uttering a word, to wager a very large sum against the "tray's" winning she did so, and others firm in the belief that she would be successful, followed the example. The "tray" won, and all who had "coppered" that card lost. I was richer by ten thousand francs from that one experiment. Madame Le Verte would fain have left the room but I held her as the ancient mariner held the wedding guest—by my glittering eye. The subsequent wagers were very like the one described. By some mysterious process, which to this day I cannot understand, she was able to tell each time which the winning card would be. From my psychological or mesmeric influence I could divine her thoughts and thus know this card, so all that was necessary was to force her each time to "copper" it, and this was no hard matter as my will had become her will. Larger and larger grew the stakes until finally the other players ceased altogether, so interested had they become in this exciting game. At twelve o'clock I estimated my winnings to be 300,000 francs. At one they were more than a million.

Madame, at my instigation, was about to stake a larger sum than she had yet done, when suddenly a deathly pallor settled on her face and she sank senseless upon the floor. Restoratives were immediately resorted to, but though a flickering pulsation of the heart continued for a few minutes, remedies were useless, and within five minutes Madame Le Verte, the victim of my power, was dead.

Feeling some remorse I resolved to quit gambling. I returned to Paris and by legitimate business increased my wealth, so that in a short time I was the possessor of twenty millions of francs. I resolved to retire, and have purchased this beautiful house on the banks of the Seine, where I hope to pass the remainder of my days.

* * * * * * *

The above story, just as I have written it, was told me by an inmate of the Utica Insane Asylum.

Doct. Gray informed me that the patient was a French physician, whose love of gambling had first robbed him of his fortune, and then crazed him. His friends had brought him to this country in the hope that a change of air would prove beneficial to him.

He imagined himself still in France and seemed to be a happy and contented lunatic. I was entertained by his vagaries. Have you been?

THE DARK SIDE OF LIFE.

A SERIES OF SKETCHES.

No. 2.--Among the Convicts.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

One afternoon in the month of June, 1865, I was a passenger on the train from Albany to Whitehall. In front of me sat a tall, fine-looking man, who seemed to be on very confidential terms with a little bull-headed chap, whose small wicked eyes, and shortly cropped hair presented anything but an attractive appearance.

When the train reached the "Junction" we were obliged to change cars, and it was while standing on the platform that I first discovered that the tall man and his ugly friend were chained together at the ankles.

Close beside stood two other men bound by the same uncomfortable kind of bonds. They were undoubtedly on their way to the Clinton Prison, at Dannemora. Thither I too was going, not as a convict, but for the purpose of transacting Government business. Dannemora is situated eighteen miles from Plattsburgh; only a carriage road connects the places. I had anticipated a lonely ride—here was a chance for company; odd company it is true, but all the more interesting on that account, as specimen bricks of certain phases of human nature.

I made myself known to the under-sheriff. From him I learned that we should find a boat at Whitehall, which, after a sail up Lake Champlain, would land us early in the morning at Plattsburgh. There he said we should find a four-horse team, and that he would secure a seat for me. We reached the southern shore of Champlain shortly after sundown, and embarked on the snug little steamer. The supper gong sounded and the convicts, with the rest of the passengers, took their seats at table. Very few had noticed the chained ankles, and possibly the tall, fine-looking prisoner was mistaken for a tourist on a pleasure excursion.

"No salmon, trout and fried potatoes to-morrow night," he remarked to his bull-headed companion.

"No, damn it!" was the surly reply.

Of the two convicts whom I have not as yet described, one was a small, sallow faced man, very lame and apparently in poor health; the other was a boyish person not over twenty, and by no means ill-looking.

The night was very pleasant, the moon being at its full. I wondered if the prisoners thought how cold and cheerless the pale rays would look when glinting through the narrow bars of their cells; probably they didn't. They were not sentimental men.

Having passed the time in smoking on deck until midnight, I entered the cabin and discovered the four convicts all sound asleep, whereupon I concluded that Morpheus was a very kind god, particularly to persons who were not over-sensitive about going to prison.

Plattsburgh was reached in the early morning. Mine host of Fouquet's hotel gave us a splendid breakfast. The convicts partook heartily. Then we started in the big carriage for our eighteen miles overland journey. The under-sheriff had informed me of the crimes of those in his charge. One was a highwayman, another a bigamist, a third an utterer of counterfeit money, and the fourth a professional pickpocket. He had not told me which was which, however, and I amused myself in trying to guess. The conclusion that I reached was that the tall man was the highwayman, the bull-necked individual had broken his marriage vows, the boy was the pickpocket, and the sickly, sallow faced one had shoved the queer.

I might have been entirely correct in all these conjectures, but I was not; I was entirely wrong, as you will shortly see.

During the first mile or two of our journey little was said. Finally the tall man spoke:—

"I say, Johnson," he remarked to his companion in chains, "don't you think I would have got off easier if I had pleaded guilty?"

"No," replied the other, "the judge would have tucked on an extra year; leastwise he did so in my case last time I was up here." So it appeared that the road was familiar to the offender Johnson, and that he was a successful candidate for a second term.

"What is your name?" I asked of the tall man.

"Smith," was the laconic answer.

"And why are you here?"

"Simply because I was fool enough to get drunk."

"But men are not imprisoned for intoxication," I remarked, as sundry recollections of extra potations of Bourbon flitted across my own mind.

"Well, listen to the circumstances," Smith said, "and see if it wasn't whisky that did the work for me.

"I was for many years Captain of a river steamer. I drank too much, and the owners of the boat threatened to discharge me unless I reformed; so not caring to lose my position, I gave up the use of liquor entirely. Then everything went prosperously with me. Early in the spring a fellow whom I had known years before, rushed upon my boat, and, thrusting a small package into my hand, asked me to keep it for him. I placed the package in my pocket, thinking no more about it at the time. The man was arrested next day for having counterfeit money in his possession, but none was found on his person. He had left the 'queer' with me. Last month some old friends of mine returned from California, and they, after much persuasion, induced me to go on a 'bum.'

"These Rocky Mountain chaps are awful drinkers, and our lark lasted a week. Meantime the directors had engaged another in my place, and had forwarded me my walking-ticket, with wages due. Then I became despondent, and drank harder than ever. Three weeks ago, I was in —— saloon, in Albany, and after asking a party to drink, I discovered that I had not sufficient money to pay the reckoning. Then it was that I thought of the queer. It was poor looking stuff, and I should never have offered it had I been sober. But I was drunk and desperate. The bar-keeper readily changed the V., and I went away. Before morning I was arrested for disorderly conduct, and just as they had brought me up before the justice in the forenoon, in stepped the bar-keeper to prefer his charge against me for passing counterfeit money. They searched me and found the whole roll of bills in my pocket. So you see 'twas a plain case, and it's all up with me for three years and two months."

Smith told his story with the utmost *nonchalance*, and had evidently resolved to keep a stiff upper lip through all his troubles. When he had finished, he turned with a laugh to the sallow convict, and asked:—

"Which of those two women are you going to live with, 'Gamey,' when you get out of here?"

"Damned if I know," answered he of the imperfect limb; "I guess, though, I'll take up with number one again."

So Gamey was the bigamist. I should scarcely have thought that. His shriveled carcase must have made a poor mark for the arrows of Cupid. Many jokes were cracked at the expense of the yellow-skinned gallant. The youth who was nick-named "Stubbs," and who had proved very reticent heretofore, now burst forth with, "I wish I hadn't knocked that man down on the Troy road."

"Ha! ha! my cove," laughed Johnson, "it's too late for your wishes now. You should have thought of that when you 'went through' the old gentleman."

"And why didn't you think of it, yourself," retorted Stubbs, "when you picked that woman's pocket at the depot?"

"Did think of it," answered the other, less pleasantly, "and what's more, I ain't again' to make a fool of myself now, by grumbling because I'm fetched up. I don't find fault with nobody excepting myself. I stuck through one term up there, and I guess it won't kill me to take another turn at them iron mines."

Hereupon the bull-necked convict relapsed into surly silence.

The journey over the rough road was growing somewhat monotonous, and I suggested to the driver that he might make better time than he was doing. Smith, however, intimated that they were in no particular hurry, he and his comrades, as it was the last ride that they should be permitted to enjoy for several years.

Finally, a turn in the road brought us in full view of the prison building. A lonelier or more isolated place it has never been my bad fortune to behold. Standing on an elevated, rocky piece of ground, it loomed darkly up in its ungainly proportions, while its "cold gray stones" seem to be (if the figure is allowable) the very color of desolation.

I knew that the assumed gayety which the prisoners had kept up remarkably well thus far, was liable to leave them at any moment. Therefore, I was not surprised when the game-legged bigamist stopped short in some remark intended to be funny, and burst into tears: his eyes had fallen on the gloomy structure, and he wept like a child.

Did you ever see soldiers in battle shouting and yelling, and condemning all cowardice? It is usually done by men whose own courage is waning, and who desire to keep up their enthusiasm to such a pitch that their unwilling legs will propel them on to the fearful dance of death.

I thought of this when Smith and Johnson, and Stubbs, simultaneously broke into a poor apology for a laugh. *They* couldn't see what the devil a man wanted to make a fuss about going to prison for. They rather liked the idea of sleeping in a room carpeted with a stone floor—ha! ha! ha! and that sharp, hollow sound, intended for laughter, was echoed from the bleak walls of the prison house, as if some horrible fiend, who presided there, was shouting through the grated windows, with slimy tongue and clammy lips, his demon welcome of "Ha! ha! ha!"

We entered the big gate, and all the assumed cheerfulness was gone. The under sheriff, who was accustomed to this kind of work, and who had said very little during the trip, now turned to the prisoners and informed them that if either of them desired to send any message to Albany, he would take it for them. This was something like the promise of the fairy to grant three wishes to the poor man and his wife. You know they were utterly at a loss to select. So these unfortunate fellows, though undoubtedly they would have had plenty to say to friends and former companions, were unable to think of any particular message. Smith began once: "Tell my wife that the children—" but there he broke down, and he seemed attempting to swallow a big lump in his throat.

The rest of the convicts said nothing, but all were evidently affected. Outside of the prison building was the Warden's office. Here our carriage stopped. The under sheriff, with an eye to business, immediately obtained a receipt for his four passengers, who, with some difficulty, alighted, and were marched off to the bath room, where each new comer undergoes a thorough cleansing previous to donning the parti-colored suit. The convicts' chains clanked sharply on the stony ground as they went, sounding, as it were, the knell to their hopes.

I proceeded to transact my business, which required but a few minutes' time, and then, through the kindness of the Warden, an opportunity was afforded me of inspecting the prison house.

There were confined there at this time (June, 1865) five hundred and twelve men; no females are taken to Dannemora—Auburn and Sing Sing affording sufficient accommodations for them.

The cells are uncomfortably small, and although they are kept painfully clean, they present an extremely cheerless appearance. I was quite surprised, however, to find that one of them looked very like a small toy shop, or a doll dress-maker's establishment. Slips of brilliant colored paper, cut in fantastic shapes, ornamented the white-washed walls on all sides, and above the narrow iron bedstead printed in paper letters of blue and gold, was the name sAMuEl JOHNsoN. The man who occupied this cell was out at work, but the warden told me that he was a thick-lipped and thick-headed negro, and that he was then serving the fifth year of his imprisonment. His simple contrivance for relieving the monotonous appearance of his seven foot home was worthy the philosopher whose name he bore.

The cells were all alike in shape, each being seven by five. They are sufficiently ventilated, and are "policed" (to use an army phrase) daily. After seeing two out of the three corridors of cells, we next visited the hospital. Here I found a middle-aged man acting as steward. He was, I understand, a fine physician, and was allowed very many privileges, being well liked both by the officers of the institution and the sick prisoners. But he shrunk from the presence of visitors, and no wonder, for the grey and black striped clothing told the story of his disgrace.

The hospital is a comfortable place, but only actual sufferers are admitted there. The sham sick men and dead beats are spotted and sent to work. Leaving the hospital, I went forth into the prison yard, just as the bell rung for dinner. Very soon the men began to file into the dining hall in "chain gangs." The chain gang is formed by the second man in the line placing his left hand on the shoulder of the first man and his right hand on the other's hip. The position of the third man is relatively the same, and so on to the end of the gang, which is composed of fifty. They move in regular time, the file leader being selected for his proficiency in marching. One of these leaders, I learned, had been a captain in the army, but, for some crime, was doomed to pass three years at Clinton Prison. Negroes and white men were mixed indiscriminately. In the vicinity are large mines of iron ore, owned by the State and worked by the convicts. These miners, of course, looked somewhat dirty, but in the main the appearance of the men was very neat. Most of the prisoners were comparatively young, but here and there I noticed old men, white-haired and feeble. One of them was sentenced for a term of fifteen years, twelve of which had already passed. He was looking day by day for a pardon from the Governor, and whenever a messenger entered the prison gates, the old man's sad heart thrilled with nervous, flickering hope—hope that had been ever and often dashed away.

The gangs, having all entered, the warden and I passed into the dining hall. Each man had a given seat at table, and, without any confusion, although the room was very full, they took their accustomed places. I was surprised that they did not "fall to" immediately, but they all stood up, apparently waiting for something. After a lapse of three or four minutes and just as I was about to inquire the meaning of this delay, a fat, sleek man, dressed in black, came in. This was the chaplain, and it was his duty before every meal to offer prayer. All that I can say is that on this particular occasion the prayer was longer than the dinner by some minutes.

The meal consisted of two solid potatoes, a cup of bean soup, a slice of pork and a piece of bread. The cooking and all the arrangements connected with the mess house were under the charge of convicts detailed for that purpose.

The frugal repast was quickly consumed, and then the men were again formed in chain gangs and returned to their work. After they had gone, I took a glance at the tables, and I assure you that the fragments would have made neither seven baskets full nor seven mouthfuls. The food was of fair quality. The bread (a mixture af wheat and Indian meal) was quite palatable.

After some further inspection of the premises I returned to the office, where I found our carriage in readiness, and my friend, the under sheriff, somewhat impatient and anxious to get back to Plattsburgh. So bidding the warden good bye and taking a farewell glance at the grim walls of the Clinton State Prison, we started on our return trip.

The land in the vicinity is exceedingly poor, and I inquired how the sparse population contrived to live at all from their rock-sown farms. It seems that they were in the habit of eking out their incomes by hunting escaped convicts and receiving the fifty dollars reward usually offered for the apprehension of such. I suppose it is a legitimate business, but it would not prove congenial to my taste. Would it to yours? I noticed several prisoners at work in an open field accompanied by a single guard and more than a mile from the institution. I learned that this was no uncommon occurrence, but that only trustworthy convicts were sent so far from "home."

We reached Plattsburgh in due season. Before night, a prisoner whose term had expired, and who had been that day discharged, came to the hotel. For four years he had been separated from King Alcohol, but the old passion had not died, it had only slumbered, and this man's first investment of the pittance given him on his release was for whisky. Perhaps the religious world could point a moral from that incident—I can't.

When the boat arrived from Whitehall at sundown, it brought another convict, a young man condemned to five years imprisonment. He was accompanied by his mother, a widow lady of high respectability, whose heart was almost broken by her son's folly and crime. When the hotel was reached, she was told that here she must part with her erring boy. Then she uttered one groan so agonizing that the memory of it and of her pale, sad, care-worn face, haunted me for days.

The return boat carried me to Whitehall, and so ended my visit to the convicts.

THE ACTRESS, THE MANAGER AND AUTHOR.

Daly vs. Bateman.

This case came up in the Marine Court on the 19th inst., and was continued on the following day. The Hon. A. Oakey Hall, District Attorney of the City and County of New York, was retained as senior counsel for the plaintiff, Mr. Joseph F. Daly as junior, and Mr. Richard M. Henry as attorney. Mr. Charles S. Spencer, the well known pleader, was retained as senior counsel for the defendant, and Mr. Charles H. Glover as attorney.

The plaintiff's claim was for the sum of $410, owing him for preparing a memoir of Miss Bateman, and for literary services for three and a half weeks in Philadelphia, in the months of March and April, 1863. The defence to the action was: 1. That Mr. Bateman never requested the plaintiff to perform these services. 2. That the services were not worth the sum charged. 3. That the defendant had paid for the services. Evidence in support of the claim was given by A. J. Daly, Charles Gayler and J. G. Methua. For the defence, H. L. Bateman and F. Ottarson testified. The evidence on both sides was relative to the services rendered by plaintiff, and the pay due therefor. At the close, A. Oakey Hall delivered the following address to the jury, in which, it will be seen, Hezekiah Bateman was severely excoriated. Mr. Hall said:—

Gentlemen of the Jury—For the last ten days the whole people of the county of New York have resolved themselves into a jury to decide a serious question presented to them about the rights of labor; the whole country has weighed and considered the claims of the poor man against the rich—of the miserably paid car-drivers against the wealthy monopolists, who oppress them. With one voice this whole public, and the mighty engine of the press, are with these poor men, and I am with them against the railroad monopolists, as I am with every victim of monopoly against his oppressors, as I am to-day with this plaintiff against the wealthy manager, the rich theatrical monopolist, who denies him the poor reward of his labor. And I find public opinion is with me in this case, too. As I walk up the steps that lead to this Court—as I pass along the thronged corridors, I see in every face the public verdict already passed upon this case, no matter how your verdict shall be found hereafter to be. I see around now, in this court room, crowds of anxious eyes, watching the proceedings here with painful intensity, because to-day you are to settle a question which is of interest to every literary man, every author, every dramatic writer, in the city of New York. Here is a question between a rich theatrical manager, who believes he has cunningly evaded all responsibility, while he has reaped the benefit of my client's labor, and a young author who, trusting entirely to the honor of the defendant, failed to take the precautions for security which a man of business would. Authors, like all inventors, all patentees and men of original genius, are seldom practical men. Their thoughts tend always to the higher and emotional faculties, and they live rather in a world of imagination than of business. All professional men are careless of the commonest practical precautions. It has become a proverb that a great lawyer is the last person in the world to trust with the administration of his own affairs; you may search the city through, and you will find few rich lawyers, rich doctors, rich clergymen, or rich authors; professional men are said to "work hard, live well, and die poor." In this peculiarity of his class must be found a reason for Mr. Daly's making no express contract with Bateman, and for so long a period not wringing from this rich monopolist his rights. Daly trusted in the fair prom ses of Bateman; he believed in the pretended friendship of father and daughter, who were filling their pockets with the proceeds of his labor. But now, at last, wakened to the character of the man he trusted, he stands forth to claim his right. I knew little of the facts of this case till yesterday, when they transpired on this trial, but that little showed me the kind of man with whom my unsuspecting client has dealt so long; and I stand up to-day as the champion of his rights against this man Bateman, and I am ready to stand forth thus for any poor man this defendant has overborne and deceived, as I believe there are many such. What sort of creature is this Bateman? Gentlemen, I see among you several of my friends who belong to the Israelite nation—you know how for centuries it has been customary for every obloquy to be heaped upon that race, and it has passed into a proverb—"As mean as a Jew." But now let this be altered, let future Shakespeares take for the butt of scorn this Southern Yankee Bateman; let us henceforth express our contempt by saying not—"as mean as a Jew," but as mean as "Shylock Bateman!" Shylock Bateman! who says to this poor author struggling for fame and fortune. "You have made no contract! I agreed to give you nothing! It is not nominated in the bond! I claim the Pound of Flesh!" Look at the two men! At Daly, who has made the fortunes of Shylock Bateman and his daughter; and look at Bateman, who sits here in court to-day. The one you have heard give his evidence; modest, unassuming; claiming only the poor price of his labor, which has heaped up riches on the defendant; and you have seen the lordly air of Bateman—this fellow who struts up to the witness stand—who talks with his supercilious air about "taking a kindly interest in the young man"—who patronizes the poor author that made him rich, with all the pomposness that has given him that nickname of "Lord Bateman," after the ancient ballad which recites how that noble lord "stood by his castle gate combing his milk-white steed." This fellow who confesses that his daughter plays "Leah" oftener than any other piece because it is "so perfectly adapted to her talents." Whose was the genius that gave her this opportunity to become famous and rich? It belongs to the ill-paid, neglected author that sues here to-day in court for the miserable stipend to which he is entitled. What effort of genius was required to accomplish this success for him and his daughter? Let us see. The play of "Leah" in the German was a very excellent play—for the Germans; so are French plays very excellent plays—for the French; but for English and American audiences a play to be successful must be specially prepared for them—adapted to their tastes—moulded to the peculiarities natural to the English and American manners and feelings. Mr. Daly found a translation of "Deborah," a dead, soulless translation, into which he breathed the breath of life. He saw in it the germ which he cultivated into a native and original drama; he adapted it to Miss Bateman's powers such as they are; he softened its power so as to fit her powers; he trimmed its breadth so as to suit her capacity; where her lisping utterance might tell against her, he arranged it to conceal her lisp; where her voice might not be equal to its demands, he moderated it to suit her harsh voice; where her favorite postures and gestures, her hands crossed on her breast, her studied motions might be made effective, he adapted it to find occasions for them. So with all adaptors. They find a foreign play like a piece of cloth, and they cut it to fit the actress or actor for whom it is intended. It is a humble comparison, but it is an apt one, to compare this adaptation of a play to the cutting of a coat. Where the garment is to be a doublet for a masquerade, it is cut doublet fashion; where it is to be a coat, it is cut like a coat. The failings and the eccentricities of an actress or actor are to be studied; the piece is written to the abilities of the company; perhaps one actor is of a broadly humorous style, and the proposed play has a refined humor running through it; then the humor must be broadened; perhaps the actor is of a delicate and chaster style of comedy; then the broadness of the character must be refined to his standard; so wit must be lowered to humor, or humor heightened to wit. This requires a genius not second to originating a play. Shakespeare's plays were but adaptations; Boucicault's plays are mostly adaptations. They find the rough gem, and they set it for the special wearer. This is the case with Mr. Daly's play and Miss Bateman. Each talent as she possessed he brought out in the best light and to the best advantage in "Leah," and so she is the perfect representative of the part; he could fit it to another actress, and then she would be as great and as effective. To prove this, see Miss Bateman in "Leah," and then see her in, say, Julia in the "Hunchback." The former she can always be great in; but the latter, which was written for an actress of Miss Kemble's stamp, falls, in Miss Bateman's hands, short of "Leah." If you had seen her in Julia, a few evenings since, you would have seen the theatre but barely filled; but let her put on "Leah," and mark the difference. Yet Shylock Bateman tells you that, without his daughter, "Leah" would be no success! Why is it, gentlemen, that actresses are so seldom admitted to good society? It is not because they are not good enough, but because that, when they are taken away from the footlights, the tinsel and the mechanical bursts and gestures, they are simply stupid. You remember the hero of Thackeray's novel, "Pendennis;" the boy falls in love with Miss Fotheringay, the famous actress; he was fascinated by the brilliant genius she evinced on the stage. He went to see her, and found her cleaning her satin shoes with bread crumbs; but he believed her still, believed in her until he saw her rehearsing her great characters in the drama—saw the chalked line which she toed at certain passages—the practised postures before the looking glass—and found that all her genius was in the teaching of the clever Captain Costigan. Why, the dramatist, who sets down the words and writes down the minute instructions for the acting—makes the actress, makes the success, makes everything but the money—which Shylock Bateman takes care to keep. Miss Lucille Western is famous in "East Lynne," but the character of Lady Isabel is the creation of the novelist, and Miss Western, who is more generous than those who have reaped profit from "Leah," will tell you so. Mr. Forrest is celebrated in "Spartacus" and "Metamora," but these are the creations of the Philadelphia dramatist. Let us take a French vaudeville; here, sometimes in a play lasting a whole evening, you will see but a single scene—the whole interest is centred in the dialogue—clean cutting, witty talk; but translate such a play and put it, a bare translation, on the American stage, and the audience would go to sleep over it. This is, because in America, wit and repartee of the best kind are daily heard in the streets, in the counting-rooms, in the parlors; the Americans demand something better adapted to their theatrical tastes; they desire humor, but it is the humor of plot; they love wit, but it must be the wit of action and incident. One of the most famous pieces on the stage is "The Stranger." Kotzebue wrote it originally in the German; Sheridan discovered it, saw its effectiveness if presented in proper shape for English audiences, and hence his effort and the success of "The Stranger" in England and America; yet all that we admire in that play is the result of the genius of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. It is the adaptor and the author, poorly paid and imposed on as he is, that makes the greatness with which the actress is clothed. Sometimes the actress is her elf a genius; then she is courted for that genius in other circles than professional; Miss Kemble, Miss Cushman, Mrs. Bowers are evidences of this; it is otherwise with actresses when the life caught from the dramatist's genius is extinguished for the night, and then the cold, stupid pupil and puppet alone remains.

But the poor adaptor, the poor man of genius, must suffer, as well as poverty, the contumely of the monopolist managers who feed on his efforts. As a general rule, writers are poorly paid here; the monopolists love to keep them down. I speak of this because I know it; for I, when a boy, earned scant moneys writing criticisms and plays. I have a sympathy for every struggling youth that wealth seeks to starve. A fine specimen of this class of oppressor is Shylock Bateman! Why, his counsel says that he has a rare diamond in his daughter, which he found by accident, and loves. If a man of noble instincts were to find so rare a gem he would be delighted to show it to his friends, but would guard it lovingly for himself. Not so with this Shylock! He brings his gem to the market; he trains her, moulds her, educates her to get him riches. Why, every accident or incident of his life he seeks as a means to accumulate wealth. If the little window that looks into the thing he calls his heart could be opened, what would be seen? Why, that he is inwardly calculating how much he can earn by the notoriety which this suit will give him. This suit will bring him and his daughter very interestingly before the public, he thinks; the public will rush to gaze; the house will be filled; so what do I care whether the jury gives a verdict against me in favor of this poor author or not? I will make it up fully in a single night. But this Shylock meant that the author was not to be paid in money, but in fame! Of course we know that one of the vanities of human nature is to find itself publicly distinguished. No doubt Mr. Daly would have been happy, as he walked the streets, to see on every wall the announcement of "Leah," coupled with his own name as author. The celebrated composer, William Vincent Wallace, who is now eternally at rest, begged the rich monopolist who had bought out his works in the city to permit him to direct a rehearsal of them without pay, simply for the pleasure of seeing his name associated on the placards with the darling creations of the brain. So the immortal Meyerbeer, rendered famous by 'Les Huguenots," and excited to grander efforts by the knowledge that Fame awaited his efforts, wrote his greater opera, the sublime "L'Africaine." Fame, the food of genius! I would take an infidel even to hear that soft opening prayer, and those other melodies, to the grand, sad closing dirge in Meyerbeer's later work, and ask him if he doubted that the soul which framed those harmonies had no dream of immortality beyond the grave. I do believe that the ambition of genius is not money, but fame—a beatific future, and not a sordid recompense here; but genius dies without money and without food.

But this Shylock has no idea of the treatment due to genius. So long as he amasses wealth, the creator of that fortune may starve. "Let him die," he says, "like the pauper that a genius should be!

Over the stones
Rattle his bones,
He's only a pauper
Whom nobody owns."

But what fame does Shylock Bateman insure to the author who is to be paid in that coin only. He put his name on the bills for two nights, and then took it off forever; his name was never mentioned in this memoir as the author of the play, or the author of the book itself; when the play of "Leah" is mentioned, this avaricious Southern-Yankee couples with it only the name of his daughter; and as his last payment to Daly on account of his "Fame," he comes into Court here and swears that without Miss Bateman "Leah" is nothing!

"I object," says this Shylock, "to the tone of the Biography Mr. Daly wrote; it was too flippant!" Flippant! What was the tone of this Bateman himself on the stand, when he waves his supercilious hand and says, "I took a kindly interest in the young man"? Was the tone not "flippant" with which he spoke of the author that had made him rich and his daughter famous? Gentlemen, I have read this memoir, and I find it to be as beautifully a written book as was ever penned as the brief chronicle of a life. I find but one thing about it which is calculated to displease Shylock Bateman, and that is, that only one line of it is devoted to Shylock himself. If my client had praised this man Bateman in it, its tone would not have been "flippant"; if I had had an opportunity to advise my friend Daly before he wrote it, I would have given him the same sort of advice I have given my young friends when they go courting—first court the mother, and then you may be sure of the daughter—and I would have said to him—be careful to praise Father Bateman plentifully, and you will get your pay, and he will like the tone of the book very much indeed.

This is the man who tells you coolly he took a young, struggling author away from his work in New York, carried him to Philadelphia, used him to further his daughter's success, worked him for nearly four weeks at the business, and then coolly sits and tells you that he accepted these services as gratuitously given! If he had the blood of a man in him, he would have blushed to make such a confession; but he did not blush, as we all could see, since he does not allow himself the luxury of whiskers, and comes barefaced into Court.

Then he takes refuge in the fact that he gave Mr. Daly a benefit which netted him $225! I tried to make him show how much he made from a single night's performance of "Leah," but you saw how he refused to answer, and begged his counsel to shield him from the necessity of making the statement, for the Shylock well knew that it would appear from his answer that all the money he paid the poor author would not equal a single night's receipts of "Leah." He refused to answer how much he and his daughter have made from "Leah," and to tell of the hundreds of thousands of dollars they have netted at the magnificent outlay of "$250 and a benefit of $229."

Now gentlemen, as to the proof of the value of these services, what witnesses does the plaintiff produce? Mr. Gaylor, who is one of the worthiest and most celebrated of living dramatists, tells you that the plaintiff has undervalued his own services. Mr. Gaylor testifies that he has been for twenty years engaged in this business, and has charged more for such labor than the plaintiff has charged. So does Mr. Methua testify.

In what estimation does this Shylock Bateman stand to-day among his professional brethren in America when the only witness he can call who will swear down the plaintiff's price, is an agent that he himself employed, Mr. Ottarson. What a commentary is it upon the pittance which this Shylock and his class dole out to the literary men who serve them, when Mr. Ottarson testifies that he is willing to go to Philadelphia and do all this work for twenty-five dollars a week!

I leave the case with you, gentlemen, to decide how this man B

have that to say which is intended for your ears only. If you desire to hear it, come to me in my tent. Do you sail to-night?"

"No—oh, dear, no; not till the morning!"

"That is well. You will find me in my tent. My people will encamp here for to-night."

"I will see you, dear Selika!" said De Gama, in a whisper.

"Fear not; I will be with you!"

"Good! I shall expect you then. Adieu, for the present!"

She turned away, and strode towards the spot where her men were busily engaged in fixing the tents, and making all the necessary preparations for the encampment. The place they had chosen for this was singularly beautiful, it being a large open space, covered with verdure, and surrounded with tropical trees of various descriptions, on the boughs of which numberless birds, of the gayest plumage, were perched, looking curiously at the busy hive of men beneath. The day had been clear and bright, and it was towards its close that the cavalcade had come in sight of the Tagus.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

CORBY CHESS CLUB, PA.—We have re-examined Problems No. 526-7, and find them correct. Their solutions run thusly:—

No. 526.—1..Q B to Kt 5th, if 1..P to Kt 5th, or K × Kt, or B to B 6th, 2..Q mates; if 1..P × Kt, 2..B mates; and if any thing else, Kt mates. No. 527.—1..B to K 7, K to B 2; 2..Kt to Kt 4, K to Kt sq; 3..Kt mates.

J. C. ROMEYN.—We will write you at our earliest leisure; and, meanwhile, speak a good word for you to Herr Loewenthal.

B. H. T., Providence, R. I.—The Report of the American Congress is a 12mo., of some 600 pages. Send your name and address, and when one is obtainable we will let you know.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.—Will all our contributors *Nota Bene* the prize announcement below? We're going to distinguish this our cruise of craft by a signal victory, and so provide ourselves with extra colors.

RESUSCITATION.—The St. Louis (Mo.) Chess Club, which was reorganized on the 6th ult., have their rooms at 99 Fourth street. Theo. M. Brown has been elected President. The club meets on Thursday and Friday evenings. Lovers of the game are invited to be present.

THE CLIPPER TO ITS CONTRIBUTORS.—We have a sett of unused, genuine Staunton Chessmen, K 1¼ in. broad at base, 3¼ in. high, which we offer as a prize for the best 3-move problem contributed to our column for the four months commencing May 15th, inst. 1st. All contributions must be original, and prepared expressly and *exclusively* for this competition. 2d. They must be neither suicidal nor conditional. 3d. All competitors must send their photo. 4th. No *nom de plume*, or *pseudonym* will be even looked at, either for competition or publication. 5th. All competitions must take their own responsibility for soundness; for they will be subjected to the test of publication, as sent. 6th. Competitors must send two positions, marked "*for* CLIPPER *Prize Chessmen*," one WHITE, the other BLACK, to play and give mate in THREE moves. Our contemporaries begin to talk about "the dull season in Chess." The CLIPPER never had a *dull* season, and don't mean to begin now in World's Congress year.

Enigma No. 530.

From the Chess Players' Magazine.

CHESS STUDY—BY HERR KLING.

at his Kt sq, at Q Kt 6th, at K R 6th, at Q Kt 7th.

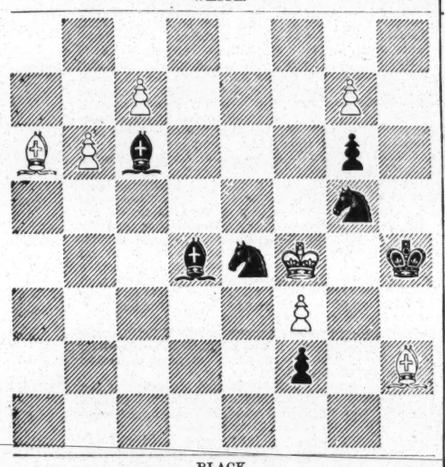
at Q R 8th, at Q B 2d, at Q R 7th.

Black, with the move, to win the *partie*.

Problem No. 530.

BY JOHN GARDNER.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 530.

Fourth *partie* of the late New York Tourney match between Messrs. Stanley and Mackenzie.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

Attack, Mr. Stanley.	Defence, Capt. Mackenzie.	Attack, Mr. Stanley.	Defence, Capt. Mackenzie.
1..P to K 4	P to Q B 4	21..K B to his 5	P to K Kt 3
2..P-Q 4	B P × P	22..B-Q B 2	Q-K Kt 2
3..Q × Q 2d P	Q Kt-B 3d	23..P-Q B 5	K Kt-Q 4
4..Q-home	K Kt-B 3	24..B P × P	R P × P
5..K B-Q 3	P-K 3	25..K B-K 4	K Kt × B
6..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 4	26..Q R × R	K R × R
7..K P × P	K Kt × P	27..B P × Kt	P-K B 4
8..Castles	K B-Q 3	28..B-Q B 2	P-K 5
9..P-Q B 4	K Kt-B 3	29..Q × Q +	K × Q
10..Q Kt-B 3	P-K R 3	30..K Kt-Q 4	Q Kt × Kt
11..Q B-K 3	P-Q Kt 3	31..Q Kt × Kt	K-his B 3
12..P-Q R 3	Q B-Kt 2	32..P-K Kt 4	P-K B 5
13..P-K R 3	Q R-B sq	33..P-Q Kt 5	P-K B 6
14..Q-K 2	Castles	34..K-his B 2	K B-K 4
15..Q R-Q sq	Q-K 2	35..K R-Q sq	K R-Q 3
16..Q Kt-his 5	K B-Kt sq	36..Kt-Q B 6	K R × R
17..K R-K sq	K R-K sq	37..K B × R	Q B × Kt
18..Q-her 2	Q-K B sq	38..Kt P × B	B-Q B 2
19..P-Q Kt 4	Q R-Q sq	39..B-Q B 2	K-his 4, and
20..Q-her Kt 2	P-K 4	the *partie* was declared a *remise*.	

CHEQUERS.

To Draught Players.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNERS' SURE GUIDE. By the Draught Editor of the CLIPPER. This book has been pronounced by the Editor of Bell's Life to be "THE BEST ELEMENTARY TREATISE EVER WRITTEN ON THE GAME." Printed on fine paper, gilt binding, illustrated with diagrams, and enriched by numerous games from the best masters. Anderson's system of recording, together with Paterson's system complete. Advanced players will find this treatise well worthy their notice. Sent, post paid, to any address in the United States, for 50 cents. Address I. D. J. SWEET, Greenpoint, L.I.,
1-tf [Not Greenport], N. Y.

To Correspondents.

A. F., Pittsburgh.—The order never has reached us.

TURTLE, Milwaukee.—Position received and on file for examination.

Game No. 4.---Vol. XIV.

"LAIRD AND LADY."

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	17..18	to 25	29	to 22
2.. 8	11	22	17	18..26	31	32	28
3.. 9	13	17	14	19..31	24	28	19
4..10	17	21	14	20..11	15	19	16
5..15	18	26	23	21.. 8	11	30	26
6..13	17	19	15	22..21	25	12	8
7.. 4	8	23	19	23.. 3	19	10	3
8.. 6	9	24	20	24..19	24	3	7
9.. 2	6	28	24	25..25	30	7	16
10.. 9	13	15	10	26..30	25	22	17
11.. 6	15	19	10	27..15	18	16	19
12..12	16	31	26	28..18	27	19	28
13..17	21	26	23	29..27	31	26	23
14..13	17	24	19	30..25	22	17	13
15..17	22	19	12	31..22	18.	Drawn.	
16..22	26	25	22				

Position No. 6, Vol. XIV.

By J. S., of Boston.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to move and draw.

Position No. 7, Vol. XIV.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK.

WHITE.

Black to move—White to win.

Solution of Position No. 4.--Vol. XIV.

BY "BOB BOY."

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..15	to 10	6	to 15	4..30	to 25	31	to 22
2..13	6	1	10	5..25	2, and wins.		
3..32	27	24	31				

Solution of Position No. 5.--Vol. XIV.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..14	to 10	18	to 22	6.. 6	to 2	27	to 24
2..21	17	22	26	7.. 2	7	24	19
3..17	13	25	31	8..32	27	23	32
4..10	6	2	9	9..12	8	4	11
6..13	6	31	27(a)	10.. 7	23, and wins.		
			(a)				
5..		31	26	9..11	15	14	9
6.. 6	2	26	22	10..15	18	23	27
7.. 2	7	22	18	11..32	23, and wins.		
8.. 7	11	18	14 (b)				
			(b)				
8..		18	22	10..16	20	26	31
9..11	16	22	26	11..20	24, and wins.		

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City Summary.

MONDAY, APRIL 30th, 1866.

THINGS DRAM-atic—excepting such as are going on in our public saloons—are *not* in the most prosperous condition, some of our most popular stars failing to "crowd the house from parquet to dome," or even to draw *encouraging* audiences. In fact, there's many a vacant place to be seen in our dramatic temples, and there are more "reserved" seats than our usually reserved *habitues* care to pay for. It is even intimated that managers and stars and go-ahead agents have left their legitimate callings, and started in the dramatic world as "paper hangers"—leastwise, as Lord Dundreary once expressed it in a London Court, they have commenced to "paper houses." If they can make the papering process answer their ends, or if they can make paper houses pay, who shall object to the change? Even the "Infant" Bateman sees her popularity failing and the proceeds beyond the sharing point diminishing. What has caused this evident falling off in the prosperity of amusements? Various causes can be assigned, first of which may be mentioned our annual May day moving, and you'll find on that day misery enough to move the stoutest heart to tears. Then there's a perceptible diminishing of our "resources"—we don't hold quite as much money now as we held when the cruel war was raging—we are not so flush as we were—we haven't the mopusses—we don't sling our piles about so loosely as we did when every body had a contract with some government agent for the suppression of the rebellion, and that's another cause of the "letting down" of our amusements. And there's still another cause, and that is the cry of "cholera, cholera," when there is no cholera. The dailies must have a sensation of *some* kind, and in the absence of anything better, they freeze to the cholera. Day after day are they filled with reports of "cases" which have no existence save in the disordered imagination of their own hard cases. This newspaper epidemic is not without its effect upon the weakly constituted corpuses of our country cousins—so our rural relatives, who are accustomed to make periodical visits to the metropolis for business and pleasure, get scared, panic-stricken, and so remain among their own sympathetic verdant hills and valleys, and thus we all lose by their absence. In the language of a live poet:—

We miss them at morn, we miss them at eve,
We miss them at lunch time as well—
Their little old quarters, so good for the eye,
Where are they? can nobody tell?

The only epidemic we have among us, and which is now raging among the fair sex, is that which has taken the form of collar-a. Every other lady you meet wears a collar, the peaks of which peek out in a most peculiar manner. In fact, so to speak, this is a little peakadillo of the ladies which we are at a loss to account for. But what's around? Have the storekeepers been imposing their wares on the unwary? It is said that the collars now in vogue, (and from which we in-vogue the gods to deliver us), are called the Shakespeare, but this is probably another outrage on the immortal Bard, who is now debarred from disowning them. But this female disease can only injure devoted husbands in their currency holders; it is a harmless epidemic which comes home to the bosom of every well regulated family. The dailies may enlarge upon that to their heart's content, and the city will prosper under it.....Talking about fiddlers, there's a man who goes around New York in company with an old fiddle which he places right up at his chin, (this is not chin-music, recollect), and plays for the edification of the crowd. He always reminds us of a certain Thaddeus Stevens, who holds forth—or rather, we confess, he holds first place just now—in Congress. But the only difference we should like to see is this. The musical gent'e man puts his feet in a bag—in the case of the congressional fiddler the bag should be drawn over the other end. By the way, did you never notice by the wayside, the number of street musicians in New York? Their name is legion, and here is a legion'd of one:—

In the streets of New York, as we are told,
There played a fiddler, blind and old;
His air was wan, his hair was grey—
His son and heir was far away—
And this single old man, as folks do say,
Could make his eight or ten dollars a day!

And that's a fact. His is pronounced a genuine Stradivarius, and, without drawing the long bow, we may assert that his playing is excellent. There are many men of genius in New York streets, but among them the old fiddler who can fiddle the passers by (and that passes our comprehension) out of about ten dollars a day is not the least.....Other men of genius are to be found in the ranks of the Fenians, who, if Rumor speaks truth, fiddle to the tune of hundreds of thousands of dollars; but these certainly are the nobs of the profession. The Fenian leaders seem to go on the old principle of "small profits and quick returns," for we have certainly had a succession of small prophets—who have been foretelling the speedy return of James Stephens, but he hasn't come yet.....Lucille Rushton made her first appearance in one of our courts last week at the suit of one of her late "gentlemanly ushers," who claimed certain monies for learning Miss Lucy "how to fence." The defence was, that *she* could learn *him* to fence, but that for the time consumed in *practicing* with her he had already been paid, and so the complaint was dismissed. Somebody seems to have been playing on both sides of the fence. Talking about courts, though, were you ever in court? It is a very easy matter to get there. Nothing in the world is simpler. Just swing your left duke violently against a fellow-citizen's tater trap, or "smash him in the snoot" with your right "fin," and in all human probability a gentleman arrayed in the blue authority of law will clap the darbies on your precious wrists and march you off to quod. The next morning his Honor, the judge, will call you into court. Under these circumstances you would be up on a criminal charge. If you wish to do things in a *civil* manner, the proper way is to hire some author to write your daughter's life and refuse to pay him. Then the author will bring a suit in the Marine Court, and will hire some lawyer to show you up. To illustrate the manner in which this showing up is done, we print in another column District Attorney Oakey Hall's speech made in the Bateman-Daly case. It is a rich thing. Read it..... What a highly moral city New York is when compared with other outrageous places. We are proud of it—proud of the refinement and morality which characterise it; and while so expressing our pride, we cannot refrain from sympathising with those cities where virtue is not, and vice is. We are led to this solemn train of reflection by the perusal of a letter just received from a provincial town, in which the writer feelingly remarks:—"I take this mode of letting you know of the vulgarity of ——— Theatre. It has got so far that I am ashamed to take a lady there without having her insulted." We hardly understand it, though; we think the outraged writer must have got off the track in inditing his complaint, for we cannot understand *why* he should be ashamed, under the circumstances. We must cut this summary short, for our boarding housekeeper expects us to lend a hand and help her to move. When we took board with her a few short weeks ago, we did so with the express understanding that there should be "no moving in May."

Oh! first of May, how tollsome is the day—
From early light, to dark midnight, we're moving far away.
Were it not that we live next door to a pious church, we should say "d——n the first of May!"

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN—after an absence of several years from the New York stage, during which time she has fulfilled engagements in California and England—will make her *rentree* this evening, April 30th, at the Broadway Theatre, in her speciality of "Mazeppa." In San Francisco, where she played under the management of Mr. Thos. Maguire, she probably achieved a greater success than any star who preceded her ever met with; that she created a wild excitement in Frisco is patent to all, for the papers teemed with her praises; the ladies copied the fashions in which she appeared; and the gentlemen vied with each other in their homage. Pecuniarily as well as artistically she succeeded beyond anticipation. From California she proceeded to England under engagement to Mr. Smith, of Astley's Amphitheatre, London, where, after due preparation, the beautiful play of "Mazeppa" was produced in grand style, and the Menken for the first time in her career was introduced to the great London public. At once she came into favor, "press and public" alike praising the beauty of her face and form and her style of acting. Even the London *Times*—the "Thunderer," as it is called, at whose voice great statesmen tremble—devoted article after article to her praise, and all London rushed to see and hear the beautiful American. Her performances were a continued series of successes, and gold and crisp Bank of England notes flowed profusely into her coffers. There is no exaggeration in this; with the exception of Sothern, perhaps, no star from America met with greater or longer continued favor at the hands of the British public than "The Menken," as the lords of London called her. Still under engagement to appear again in London and the Provinces, as well as in Paris at some future day, the subject of our notice was induced to make us a visit, and let us see and judge for ourselves whether she has improved during her absence, and whether all the good things said of her by our "foreign relations" are deserved or not. To that end she comes before us tonight, and we have not a doubt that there will be a large and brilliant audience in attendance to greet her, and bid her welcome to the metropolis of the Western World. On our first page will be found an artistic engraving representing Miss Menken and the favorite steed which accompanied her in her rambles in London and thereaway. We republish it at the present time, as the lady's presence among us invests it with greater interest.

AND WE ARE to have still another "Mazeppa," the San Francisco Minstrels—ever alive to what is popular and exciting—announcing a burlesque of Byron's poem and Menken's delineation of the character. The mock Mazep. will prove almost as attractive as the real, and those who witness the one will wish to see the other. The success of the Frisco boys continues to be very cheering; it should be so, for their efforts are as laborious as the duties of the Health Commission. After you have seen the Menken, go and see the San Francisco troupe.

DEEPLY INTERESTED and watchful audiences wait upon "The Three Guardsmen," now doing duty in a spectacle which is in its sixth week of success at Mrs. Wood's Olympic. It is so well placed upon the boards in all its details, it is so capitally performed in all its parts, and runs along so smoothly, that we are not surprised at its doing so well when most theatres have experienced a falling off in business. It is a rare thing to find the head of an establishment assuming a minor part in a play, but here we find Mrs. Wood in such a character; yet trifling as it is she makes it stand prominently forward as a feature of the play.

ALTHOUGH DOG DAYS are not yet here, dog nights are; and so this week Mr. Lingard, of the New Bowery, brings out the dog stars and monkey stars, he having engaged Mr. W. Tanner's troupe, announced as just arrived from Europe, where, we are further informed, they "performed before all the crowned heads," which goes to show the interest taken by crowned heads in the animal creation. The performances of these creatures—the dogs and monkeys, mind—together with the new and clever burlesque of the "Phorty Thieves" and other plays, will make an unusually interesting and varied programme.

BLIND TOM, not being able to see the point of playing to unremunerative audiences, closed his blind career at Irving Hall on April 28th. It is not likely that he will favor us with his company again, for which let us all be deeply grateful.

GROVER'S season of German Operas at the Academy of Music was as brief as the audiences which attended them. The German population are so exercised about the new excise law—which cuts off their Sabbath guzzling and swilling—that they have time to think of nothing else. Grau, with a sort of mixed arrangement, next tackles the Academy, opening with the "Trovatore" on May 3d.

SHYLOCK, painted in dark colors, is nightly portrayed at Bryants' Minstrels. Mr. D. Bryant, as the Duke, gives new life to this difficult characterization; and his readings are so different to what the immortal Shakespy intended them to be that we question whether William would recognise his Duke as impersonated by Mr. Bryant, owing to the latter's rich Irish brogue. R. Howard's Shylock is a startling bit of acting; the impassioned eloquence with which he pleads for the pound of colored flesh, the rare excellence which he discerns in the "learned judge," the deep sense of obligation he manifests to the said counterfeit judge, the rage which he exhibits when he finds himself foiled and his things taken from him, are all truthfully portrayed by that great tragedian, Rollin, of ancient history renown. Too much cannot be said in praise of N. Seymour's Portia, portions of which afford a wide field for the Shakesperean student—the commanding presence of this subtle actor, the clear tones of his mellifluous voice, the accuracy of his costume, his length of reach, and breadth of intellectual capacity, well qualify him for the performance of this arduous task. Antonio is cleverly rendered by Mr. C. Henry—keenly does he seem to feel his position at being brought into a New York Court of Justice on the charge of indebtedness; every man in the course of a life time experiences an attack of the shorts; "Shylock Bateman," as Oakey Hall calls him, was up a short time since to see whether he was indebted to a poor critic or not. But to our own critique: we have said that Mr. Henry manifested much uneasiness at the position he found himself placed in—his contrite spirit, deep humility, and evident willingness to pay legal interest and a bonus to have the note renewed, were so graphically, so faithfully, so naturally delineated as to convey the impression that no man could so truly embody the part who had not at some time or other been placed in such a difficulty in real life. We cannot pursue this subject further. Suffice it to say that all the minor parts were equally well rendered—the set scenes were marvels of the painter's art and carpenter's skill, and the general *tout ensemble* of most excellent taste and judicious discrimination. "Shylock" promises to have a lengthy run.

"ALL QUARTERS OF the globe are under contribution," Barnum says. We presume he means that each section of the world furnishes him with curiosities for his Museum. There is no doubt that he places a great many quarters under contribution every day at the box office, for his entertainments are well patronized. Barnum is never without something fresh; he has just squelched "The Earthquake," and now he promises us "The Idiot of Tarbes," done up in scenes all new, and costumes too; with mechanical appliances of great ingenuity. They *do* say that Barnum would like to make an engagement with Bennett, for the purpose of incorporating him among his "Happy Family," but we guess the report is only the emanation of some vile traducer; there's nothing in it.

"TWO SOULS with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one." These two souls may be seen nightly at Niblo's, in the play of "Ingomar," wherein Miss Bateman does Parthenia, and J. C. Cowper appears as the barbarian Ingomar. The piece takes very well, notwithstanding the Infant makes love in a very cold and careless manner; but there is not that rush to see the Bateman now as there was before she "took her walks abroad, strange countries for to see;" nor is the same enthusiasm manifested now as then. The recent presentation at court has not benefitted the lady.

LESTER WALLACK, according to announcement, made his last appearance at Wallack's Theatre on the 28th of April. His next last appearance is set down for the 5th of May.

C. BARRAS, although not attracting large audiences to Wood's Theatre, artistically made a very favorable impression. His Vertigo Morbid, in his own play of the "Hypochondriac," was a rare bit of acting, perhaps a trifle slow and solemn for our fast theatre-goers, but nevertheless a life-like portraiture. During the past week, in addition to the "Hypochondriac," he gave us the "Serious Family," in which he sustained the part of Aminidab Sleek. As Aminidab, he was equally well received as in the Morbid character; he has a style of his own which is decidedly laughter-provoking. Mr. Barras is a clever actor.

THE WORRELL SISTERS, from the Pacific slope, make their salaams in the presence of a New York audience this evening, at Wood's Theatre. They are young, the eldest but sweet seventeen; sprightly, and, report says, irresistibly fascinating in their respective lines of business. In San Francisco, we hear, they are public favorites. We shall soon be enabled to pass judgment upon the merits of these California damsels.

GEORGE CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, up town, are not doing very well at present, although their forces have been strengthened by the addition of J. E. Green and J. H. Surridge. The seats up there look quite lonesome.

DR. G. T. COLLINS has been appointed acting manager of the Broadway Theatre, in place of Mr. C. W. Tayleure, who starts out on a speculating tour with some stars. Dr. Collins is represented to us as being an able man for the position he now occupies at the Broadway.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS give a really clever bill of attractions each and every night at the Winter Garden, but their business is not extravagant; in fact, they are playing to smaller audiences at present than they have been accustomed to play to in this city. However, they are not singular in this respect, for other stars have not done any better. "The Connie Soogah" is underlined as in preparation for an early ventilation at the Winter Garden.

JOHN BROUGHAM follows the Williamses at the Winter Garden. He in turn is to be succeeded by John S. Clarke.

CHARLES DILLON is the next star at Niblo's Garden, to be followed by the Ravels, who will, probably, run the summer season through.

"OUR MUTUAL FRIEND" is in active preparation at the Olympic, and will succeed the "Three Guardsmen" about the 21st inst. It is a dramatization by Mr. Geo. Fawcett Rowe.

DEAD.—Mrs. Maria Gilbert, wife of John Gilbert, the excellent representative of old men, and stage manager at Wallack's theatre, died in this city on April 27th, in the 60th year of her age. Mrs. Gilbert was born in Philadelphia, in 1806, and made her first appearance on any stage at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, Mass., as Sophie, in "Of Age To-morrow." First appeared in this city in 1841, at the Bowery Theatre. In May, 1847, she visited England, and made her *debut* on the London boards as Mrs. Lillywhite in the farce of "Forty and Fifty." First appeared in Philadelphia, March 3d, 1851, at the old Chestnut, as Mrs. Lillywhite. In 1854 she accompanied her husband to Boston, and became a member of the New Boston Theatre. During the season of 1858-9, she was attached to the company of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia. At the close of the season, she visited Boston, played a short engagement, and retired from the profession. Since that time she has very seldom appeared before the footlights. She was a fair representative of "old women;" in such characters as Mrs. Heidelburg, Lady Duberly, and Lucretia McTab, she was excellent. She was better adapted for the haughty dame than the affable woman of fashion. Her remains were taken to Boston for interment.

"THE PHORTY THIEVES" is the title of an extravaganza from the prolific pen of John F. Poole, produced at the New Bowery, on April 23d, to a good house, and which held the boards all the week. As a burlesque it is one of the best and most laughable produced in New York for some time. Mr. Poole has a special faculty for this form of composition. Ear-tickling puns, fancy-perplexing word-torture, every species of verbal quip or pleasantry seem with him spontaneous, and not fetched from afar. The most unpromising subjects become mere child's play in the hands of this writer, and he moulds a difficult drama into an hour's drollery with a skill which is all his own. His situations are striking, and few dramatists possess, to the same extent, the happy power of fitting characters to particular performers, whilst his dialogue sparkles with a peculiar humor which is broadly effective, yet never tinged by the least coarseness. The present burlesque is brimful of local hits, which keep the audience in a continued roar of laughter. It was placed on the stage with great care, the scenery being not only new but very handsome. The transformation scene was beautiful and well worked, as was the *tableau* at the close of the piece. The properties were mostly new and everything done to ensure a success for the burlesque. Mr. J. W. Lingard appeared as All-Eye Bah Bah, and sang two or three songs with George Lingard (Gammon Bah Bah) very cleverly, all of which were loudly *encored*. Mr. George Lingard is a good burlesque actor and possesses a musical voice. Imogene Tracy made her first appearance as Mortgaged Anna. She dressed the character appropriately, and what little she had to do was done well. Mr. George Brooks created a fund of humor by his ridiculous performance of Has-a-Nack. Taken altogether, "Phorty Thieves" is a capital burlesque, well placed upon the stage and very well acted.

A DRAMATIC AGENT is wanted by a young lady with some experience in the business to travel. See advr.

VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE, and this is carried out every night by the management of Tony Pastor's Opera House, in the Bowery. An excellent company of performers is engaged there now, who appear in as varied a bill as can be found in any similar establishment in the country. Among those who assist to cater for the amusement of the *habitues*, are Tony Pastor, Jennie Engel, Billy Emmet, Mons. Szoliosy and his *corps de ballet*, Johnny Mack, Lew Brimmer, G. F. McDonald, Masters Willie, Guy and Charlie, the Wauby Sisters, the Mariano Brothers, Willis Armstrong, T. G. Riggs, Miss Frank McDonald, the Lapoint Sisters and others. Tony has a budget of comicalities which seem to please, but what appears to be the greatest favorite of the patrons is "That Dark Gal Dressed in Blue." This Tony sings in capital style, and always brings down the house. Billy Emmet is another favorite. He has a number of pathetic ballads in his *repertoire*, which he sings in his own peculiar style. Johnny Mack is a good delineator of negro life, many of his acts being very cleverly performed. Masters Charlie and Willie are clever performers in the song and dance line. Lew Brimmer is one of the best banjo soloists that puts on burnt cork, although his playing is much better than his singing. Jennie Engel is another favorite here, and is always *encored* in her songs. Riggs and Armstrong appear to advantage in the farces. Although business was dull at all the places of amusement last week, the Pastor Opera House was well patronized.

JOHN E. OWENS closed his long and profitable series of performances at the Broadway Theatre at a *matinee* given on Saturday, April 28th. He is next to show the Bostonians the light of his countenance; in the great Hub he will revolve and continue his search, with Solon Shingle, for that long-lost "barl o' sass."

"THE EARTHQUAKE," at Barnum's Museum, doesn't frighten the folks as much as might be imagined, judging by the way they flock to see it. In most instances, such curious and unwholesome freaks of nature drive people from the vicinity of the unhappy occurrence; but Barnum's "Earthquake" has the contrary effect, attracting them to the scene of danger like a flock of flies around the bung hole of a molasses hogshead. And besides the play, there are many curiosities to be seen day and night—there be many curiosities to be seen day and night—there be there are many curiosities to be seen day and night—there be sleepy snakes, sprightly monkeys, live Circassian girls, a heavy weight in the shape of a fat woman, etc. A ramble through the halls of the Museum will afford you food for thought and a thirst after more knowledge of human and inhuman nature.

THE CIRCUS in Fourteenth street—under the able management of L. B. Lent—is one of the most attractive places of amusement in the city. We were present on April 28th, when the auditorium was crowded in every part, all the aisles being occupied by parties, and every available standing spot taken. We are informed that every night during the past week the house has been equally as full, and on Saturday afternoon a great many people were turned away, being unable to gain admittance. This may seem surprising to many, when every other place in the city was poorly attended last week; but it is not so to us, when we look over the programme and see what a carefully prepared bill of fare is there served up, and stopping for an instant to look at a few of the names of the many excellent artists engaged. We doubt very much if there ever was so excellent a company of equestrians, acrobats, and gymnasts, not forgetting the clown and ring-master, brought together by any other manager than Manager Lent now has. We all know what Jimmy Robinson is, so we will pass him and come to two new performers, who put in an appearance since our last. They are Mad. Carlotta De Berg and James Cooke. The former is one of the most graceful and daring equestriennes that we have ever seen within a forty-two feet ring. She enters the circle, mounts a beautiful mare, and from that moment until she finishes her act is constantly on the go. She dispenses with any clowning to her act. She no sooner finishes going over a number of one kind of objects than others are in the ring, and off she bounds without taking a moment's rest. She leaped through as small a balloon as we have ever seen attempted, and cleared the widest banner ever stretched in the ring. Her "finish" is one of the most exciting and at the same time graceful that we have witnessed for many a day. Her poses and pirouettes are beautifully executed, and, taken all in all, she is immense. Mr. Jas. Cooke is called the champion leaper of England, but he is not champion of America, as we have a young man named G. Kelly—now with Thayer & Noyes' Circus out West, and whose portrait appeared in the CLIPPER a short time ago—that can outleap Mr. Cooke every time, both as regards length and difficult twistings of the body. We do not say this to disparage Mr. Cooke, for he is certainly a splendid leaper, and when he goes over an object he gathers himself as prettily and does those side lungings as neatly as one could wish to see. He also rode an equestrian scene act, which was very prettily done. The leaping is one of the best acts now done at the Circus. James Madigan, Billy Ducrow, Ted Croueste, Charley Madigan, and others, are most excellent leapers, and James Madigan finishes the act with a double somersault as no one in this country can do it, although quite a number attempt it. Master Siegrist, a youngster scarcely six years of age, did a capital trapeze act. He also did Verrecke's trick of hanging to the trapeze bar in mid air by the back of his neck, and beating the drum. Master Siegrist acquitted himself creditably. Mr. James Robinson continues to be the great card of this establishment. Although still suffering from his late accident, he did his "carrying act" last week with his son Clarence. Joe Pentland and Ted Croueste are the clowns, and they afford considerable fun for the patrons. Samuel Stickney, Sen., is the equestrian director, and well does he know his business. Altogether, the New York Circus is a live institution.

MESSRS. CONNER & CO. have become established at their new headquarters, 534 Broadway, and are prepared to attend to wants of managers and artists. They have in our advertising columns a number of cards relating to the wants of the profession.

"LORAINE ROGERS," agent for Lawrence Barrett, departed for London and Paris on the steamship Erin, on Saturday, April 28th, in search of novelty for Mr. Barrett.

FRANK RIVERS & Co., dramatic agents, have several advertisements of interest to the profession in this issue of the CLIPPER. The attention of Miss Lizzie Schultze, Mr. Edwin Blanchard, A. M. Hernandez, etc., is directed to the cards of this firm.

CHARLES E. DOBSON has opened a new Academy for teaching the banjo at 297 Bowery, near First street, where he can be found nearly every hour during the day picking on the old Cremona and instructing beginners how to master it. See advertisement.

THE BANJO and Violin are tought by John Sivori at his rooms, 474½ Broadway.

Dramatic.

THE COMPANY engaged by Manager Rich, of the Howard Athenæum, Boston, is notified to assemble in the green room on the 3d inst., preparatory to opening on the 7th inst.

THE VARIETIES THEATRE, New Orleans, a correspondent informs us, "belongs to a stock company—Mr. King, the editor and proprietor of the *Times*, is the lessee. He gives Mr. Baker, the stage manager, 20 per cent. of the nett profits; Mr. Flynn, the manager, 40 per cent., and retains the other 40 per cent. for himself. He pays no attention to the theatre, being entirely engrossed by the paper, which, to its praise, evinces no partiality in its theatrical critiques. It holds about $1100.....The St. Charles Theatre belonged to the Gas Company; Messrs. Spalding & Bidwell bid $120,000 for it at the auction in December, but it was struck off to *cash* for $121,000. The next day the Superintendent of the Gas Company informed Messrs. Spalding & Bidwell that the auctioneer exceeded his instructions in running it up over $120,000, and tendered it to them for that price, which they had bid, but they declined in disgust. The next week Mr. De Bar arrived and took it at that price. It holds about $1300.....The Academy of Music holds about $1350."

GROVER'S THEATRE, Washington, can be rented after the 21st inst., for first class entertainments. For particulars see advertisement.

Mr. JOSEPH PROCTOR, the popular American tragedian, commenced a short engagement on April 23d, at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, in the tragedy of "Virginius," to a moderate audience, which was owing, it is stated, to the very unpropitious state of the weather. Our correspondent says: Mr. Proctor's rendition of the Roman father was grand; and I seldom, if ever, saw a play more perfectly rendered in all its parts. On Tuesday evening, (24th), Mr. Proctor appeared in his great part of the Jibbenainosay—a character in which he has made himself justly famous. The character is one of weird and startling interest, and Mr. Proctor carried the audience with him throughout the piece, at the conclusion of which he was called before the curtain, and returned his thanks in a neat speech."

THE WEBB SISTERS were the recipients of a complimentary benefit at the Metropolitan, Evansville, Ind., on April 20th. A burlesque on the "Colleen Bawn," and the farce of "A Day Too Late," were performed, with Adah as Myles, and Emma as Hardress Cregan. They had a crowded house. This week they are in Indianapolis, Ind.

KATE REIGNOLDS was the attraction last week at the Evansville, Ind., theatre.

R. S. MELDRUM took a benefit on April 21st, at Jackson Hall, Jackson, Mich. "Our Mutual Friend," "Scenes from the Drunkard," and the farce of "The Jolly Cobbler," were given. Among those who assisted were, M'lle. Orsini, H. Rees Davies, W. R. Haydon, J. B. Clark, Iva Young, and Miss Barnett.

MR. AND MRS. HENRY LINDEN were at the Athenæum, Boston, commencing on April 23d.

THE FLORENCES closed a four weeks engagement at Old Drury, Louisville, Ky., on April 21st. A correspondent says:—"The last week of their business was not good. They staid too long. Two weeks will do for any star. The great event of the week was the complimentary benefit tendered by the owner of the theatre, the company, and the Florences, to Stage Manager Keller. The house was big, and everything went off finely. The bill consisted of 'Charles the 2d,' 'Thrice Married' (for the Florences), and 'Jumbo Jum.' Claude Hamilton, who made his first appearance in two weeks, as the rollicking King Charles, was warmly received. Mr. Keller as Capt. Copp was excellent. Mrs. Hamilton as Mary Copp sang a couple of songs very sweetly, and rendered the unsophisticated Mary in a natural manner."

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Pittsburgh, Pa., just erected, was announced to be opened to the public on April 30th, by Grover's German Opera Troupe. The following is a brief description of the house:—The auditorium is 80 feet deep by 70 wide, and the full height from the parquet to the centre of the dome fifty-one feet. The parquet is finished with carved ash chairs, upholstered with buff oil cloth, and will be of sufficient capacity to seat eight hundred persons. In the dress circle are nine rows of chairs, enough to accommodate five hundred more. Five hundred more will find chairs in the family circle, and an equal number in the upper tier. Altogether, the house will comfortably hold nearly twenty-five hundred persons. In decorating the interior very little gilt has been used, and the general effect is light and cheerful. There is no tinsel, but a more than common adherence to the simple and effective rules of art. For purposes of illumination there will be suspended from the dome a "sunlight," consisting of one hundred and sixty jets of gas, from which will be shed a brilliant yet mellow radiance to every corner of the interior. Especial attention, too, has been paid to the ventilation. There are windows around each story, and a patent contrivance in the dome whereby a fresh current of air is made to continually circulate through and expel the foul atmosphere that tends to rise. The stage extends back forty-eight feet, is forty-nine feet wide within the walls, and thirty-seven feet in height. A beautiful curtain has been painted for the act drops. It represents a graceful hung mass of drapery, parted in the centre and revealing a small and exquisitely-pencilled landscape. The scenery is all fresh from one of the most eminent of New York artists. The "float," or range of footlights, will be sunk below the level of the stage. Mrs. Ettie Henderson may well be proud of the new house of which she is to be the first lessee and manager. The idea of opening with so excellent an opera company as that under the direction of Mr. Grover, was shrewd and happy. To follow the opera with the Ravels will also be a judicious change of programme, and these two engagements will run into the summer. Rumor has it that Mrs. Henderson will commence next season with a good stock company.

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Cincinnati, Miss Fanny B. Price concluded an engagement of six nights on the 28th April. Frank Drew was to have commenced a two weeks' term on the 30th April, to be succeeded by the Ravels, who play two weeks, previous to their opening at Niblo's Garden for the summer season. The Hanlon Brothers succeed the Ravels at the National, so a succession of crowded houses should be the result.

IN PITTSBURGH, since our last, business among the "show folk" has been fluctuating. Our correspondent "Veritas" says:—"At the Opera House Dillon has drawn fair houses, which, if merit deserves reward, should have been filled to repletion. He is really a fine actor, and during his stay has won many friends among those who appreciate the higher order of histrionic productions. 'Macbeth' was brought out to a fair house on April 23d. As the ambitious Thane and superstitious Monarch, Dillon surpassed all his previous efforts, and was warmly applauded by an audience composed of the best critics in this city. Miss Annie Eberle's rendition of Lady Macbeth was excellent, showing by her thorough conception of the part that she has made it a study. On the 25th Mr. J. Z. Little, recently attached to the Pittsburgh Theatre, was the recipient of a complimentary benefit at this house, Mr. Dillon volunteering for the occasion. 'King Lear,' with Dillon as Lear, and Miss Eberle as Cordelia, was the attraction. The house was crowded, and the *beneficiaire* netted a handsome amount of stamps. At the conclusion of the play a handsome bound volume of Shakespeare was presented to Mr. Little by a gentleman of this city, who, by a bungling presentation speech, somewhat marred the *eclat* with which it was received. On the 26th 'Shylock' and 'Don Cæsar De Bazan' formed the bill. It being Mr. Dillon's benefit and last appearance he appeared in both pieces. Lotta comes next.....At the Pittsburgh Theatre Edwin Adams has appeared in quite a variety of characters since my last, embracing Rover, Enoch Arden, the Heretic, &c. In the former he is superb; in fact it is the best of all his *roles*, and since his opening here he has produced it on three evenings to full houses. His rendition of the Heretic was fair only, but the play is one of those slow dragging affairs devoid of that smoothness that should characterize all dramatic productions. To-night, 27th, for his benefit, he appears in 'Dreams of Delusion' and 'Don Cæsar De Bazan,' reciting between the pieces 'Sheridan's Ride.' To-morrow night Schiller's 'Robbers of Bohemia' and 'Black Eyed Susan' will be given. Adams remains another week..... Mr. J. V. Melton, late of the theatre, a good utility man, is laying over here at present looking up an engagement."

THEATRICAL NEWS from the Hub of the Universe may be found in the following letter from our correspondent "Renshaw," under date of Boston, April 27:—"The theatres have been well attended during the week, although at two or three of them there has been no change in programme for some little time. The principal features of the week have been the production of the pantomime long in preparation at the Comique, and the appearance of Miss Leo Hudson at the Howard.....At the Boston, the 'Streets of New York' still draws very good houses; it will probably be played till Thursday of next week, when Mr. J. E. Owens is positively announced.....At the Museum, there is no change of bill. 'Lost in London' nightly crowds the house. It will no doubt enjoy a run of at least three or four weeks.....At the Continental, Miss Lucille Western appeared on Monday and Tuesday as Camille. She is hardly the one to play the part, as there is too much left for the imagination to supply, she looking anything but the Woman of the World, broken in health and dying of consumption. She is apt to put on too much of the melo-dramatic tone when she comes to the powerful scenes in the piece. The Armand Duval of Mr. Hill was faulty it is rather out of his line of parts. The Count of Mr. Metkiff was very good, and altogether much better than his Carlyle, a part which he does not seem to understand. On Tuesday and Wednesday 'East Lynne' was given; and on Friday, Miss Western's benefit night, 'The Stranger' and the 'Honeymoon' were presented. Her engagement lasts about two weeks longer.....At the Howard, Miss Leo Hudson appeared on Monday for the first time in some years. The opening piece was 'Mazeppa.' Her support has not been very good, the remnants of the old company so recently broken up having been engaged. The Abder Khan of Mr. Britton was a very good performance, also the Rudzloff of G. Lascelles. Mr. J. Dickson as Thamar was any thing but good, as he strutted about the stage and ranted fearfully. Mr. Dickson seems to have the faculty of playing at all the theatres in the city, though he is, I believe, a member of the Continental company. Miss Hudson has given 'Mazeppa' during the week. She will appear next week in 'The Cataract of the Ganges.' On the 7th, Mr. John Brougham will appear in the play of 'Playing with Fire.'.....At the Comique, the pantomime of 'Old Dame Trot and her Komical Kat,' was produced on Monday with fine scenery and costumes, many local views and hits. Opening with a burlesque of the witches, chorus in 'Macbeth,' the scene is suddenly changed to a country farm yard, and the three witches into an old woman, afterwards Pantaloon; a naughty boy afterwards Clown; and a good boy afterwards Harlequin. The acting of Mr. Maffit as Clown, and Mr. Bartholomew as Pantaloon, is very fine, equal to if not surpassing the Ravels in their palmiest days; while Miss La Point as the Columbine danced herself into the good graces of the audience so nicely as to win a deal of applause. The Harlequin of Mr. Lacy was a fine performance, one in which he both danced and dressed finely. Last but not least was the part of Old Dame Trot by Miss Eveline Lehman, in the rendering of which she is very fine, and in which she appears in a costume copied from the long fabled pictures in children's books. The pantomime as a whole is a great success, and will no doubt have quite a long run. The houses have been packed the past week, and will no doubt continue to be so as long as 'Old Dame Trot' remains on the bills and on the boards."

GROVER'S THEATRE, in Washington, has been doing an excellent business for the past two weeks, the chief attraction being that eminent actor and scholar, Mr. James E. Murdoch. While in Washington, the past week, a member of the CLIPPER staff wrote: "I attended the theatre nearly every night, and was witness alike to the artistic personations and the finished style of this perfect reader and the pleasure he afforded the appreciative and fashionable audiences in attendance on each occasion. On Monday, Bulwer's drama of 'Money' was presented, the cast including Mrs. Agnes Perry, Mrs. Keach, and Mrs. Germon, and Messrs. H. B. Phillips, E. Lamb, H. S. Murdoch, A. W. Fenno, E. F. Thorne, and J. D. Germon. In every respect was the performance admirable, especially the Alfred Evelyn of Mr. Murdoch. On Tuesday, the 'Gamester' attracted a very full house and a highly critical audience, among whom were a number of the *habitues* of the old Park Theatre in its palmy days, and it is but just to Mr. Murdoch's efforts to say that these witnesses of the histrionic talent of the actors of thirty years ago went away highly gratified with the masterly rendering of the character of Beverly by Mr. Murdoch. Mrs. Perry, too, was especially successful in eliciting the applause of the judicious by her natural and finished personation of the gamester's wife, the last scene being a very artistic picture indeed. On Wednesday, Shakespeare's comedy of 'Much Ado About Nothing' filled every seat in the house, the cast including every actor and actress of the fine company engaged by Mr. Grover at this establishment. Mr. H. S. Murdoch, the nephew of the eminent actor, has improved wonderfully since I saw him last at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, and he promises to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor. On Thursday, 'Wine Works Wonders' and 'Pocahontas' filled the house to repletion

on the stage, appeared as Asa Trenchard in 'Our American Cousin,' which character in his hands is a very correct picture of the true Yankee. He convulsed the house with laughter, and won frequent rounds of hearty applause. The play was well produced. Mr. Levick, (Lord Dundreary), Mr. Rainford, (Binney), are deserving of special praise; McVicker, in fact, was well supported throughout by the members of his company. On Tuesday evening the same bill was given. On Wednesday evening, 'A Cure for the Heartache' was presented with a good cast, McVicker appearing as Frank Oatland. The public show every evidence, by their presence and applause, that they appreciate the occasion which brings Mr. McVicker out in leading and legitimate parts. To-night, (26th April) Shakespeare's 'As You Like It,' for the only time; McVicker, as usual, assuming the *role* of Touchstone. Mr. Charles Dillon, who was announced to appear here for five nights this week, did not put in an appearance, other engagements interfering with his coming here for the present, which fact, it appears, was not known at the time the announcement was made. Mr. McKean Buchanan, and his talented daughter, Virginia, will shortly appear here in a succession of their most popular characters."

A REDUCTION in the terms of admission to the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, last week, was the means of improving the business of the Ravel Family at that establishment.

EDWIN ADAMS will be the next star at the Chestnut, Philadelphia, succeeding Maggie Mitchell on the 7th inst.

MLLE. FORRESTEL, gymnastic performer, has been secured for the American Varieties, Philadelphia.

LEO HUDSON will appear at the American Varieties, Philadelphia, on the 7th inst. El Nino Eddie closes his engagement there this week.

MAGGIE MITCHELL will close her Philadelphia engagement at the Chestnut, on the 4th of May. She is not doing very well. J. W. Collier, who was engaged to support her, does not please the theatre goers of the Quaker City.

MADAME CELESTE'S performances at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, are announced to close on the 5th inst. The attendance during her engagement has not been lively.

WE HEARD a short time ago that Miss Lottie Lester, a pleasing young actress, was about retiring from the stage. Dame rumor said she was the betrothed of a wealthy young lawyer; if so, we trust she will be happy in the life engagement, yet her absence from the boards will be regretted in certain quarters, as she is an ambitious actress.

BARKER'S DRAMATIC COMPANY performed in Schenectady, N. Y., all last week.

COULDOCK IN A NEW PART.—Just before going to press, we received a letter from our Quincy, Ill., correspondent, in which it is stated that the manager of the theatre had made every preparation to make the engagement of the Couldocks successful, etc. They were announced to commence on April 26th, on which night a large and fashionable audience was present. The first scene in the first act of the "Chimney Corner" was about half through, when Mr. Couldock stepped forward and said:—"Ladies and gentlemen—I cannot play with such a company as this, and I have done with you." The first surprise over, Mr. C. was greeted with a storm of hisses and groans which caused him to hasten from the place. At the close of the performance, our correspondent says, Manager Duff had Mr. Couldock arrested, and the matter is now in the hands of the authorities. Great indignation was manifested by the audience at Mr. C.'s strange conduct on that occasion.

Negro Minstrelsy.

COTTON & MURPHY'S MINSTRELS opened in Masonic Hall, Pittsqurgh, on the 23d of April, to a full house, and up to the date of our correspondent's letter, 27th, the attendance each evening has been uniformly good. He says:—"This is a matter of no suprise, for the troupe are good, very good, and the city and contiguous boroughs have been well billed by their efficient agents, Parmelee and Underwood. This is in truth the great secret of success of all shows coming here. Unless printer's ink is used liberally and judiciously, business is sure to be bad. Remember this, ye caterers for the public who design visiting the Iron City..... Sam Sharpley and Tony Pastor's Troupe take possession of Masonic Hall for four nights of next (this) week."

NED STANLEY'S (end man) address can be found in our advertising columns.

BUCKLEY'S MINSTRELS perform in Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on the 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th inst.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS are in their tenth week at the Academy of Music, Cincinnati.

COTTON AND MURPHY'S CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS perform in Buffalo, N. Y., on the 2d and 3d inst.

BURGESS, PRENDERGAST, HUGHES AND LA RUE'S MINSTRELS, wound up in Baltimore, on the 25th ult., to a (though it was "an 'orrid night,") splendid house.

SAM SHARPLEY & TONY PASTOR'S COMBINATION open at Maryland Institute, Baltimore, on the 8th.

REED AND BURROW'S WESTERN CAMPBELL MINSTRELS performed at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on April 28th. The party is a new organization and consists of Ned Reed, C. H. Burrows, Tom Murray, Tom Wilson, Geo. Scott, Prof. Geo. King, J. Thompson, Geo. Wallace, Sig. Dominigo Deraego, Otto Hubert, W. B. Adams and Billy Stewart.

MORRIS AND WILSON'S OPERA HOUSE, St. Louis, we are told, is getting to be the most fashionable resort in that city, now that the weather is becoming warm; and while at other places the heat is oppressive their place is well ventilated and delightfully cool—fans and ice water being distributed gratis. Billy Morris proved a very attractive card for the managers, and his eccentricities, combined with the roaring burlesque, "Mazeppa," have crowded the Opera House to overflowing every evening for the past week. Billy appears at his establishment in Boston on the 7th inst.

A PERFECT CARNIVAL OF MINSTRELSY is given this week at Seaver's Opera House, Williamsburgh, L. I. Report says that this place is doing a first rate business. Pettingell and Allen continue to keep the ends, and Coes does the middle business. A number of new acts are announced for this week.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS of Brooklyn offer a good bill of minstrelsy this week. Charley White, called the "Father of Minstrelsy," commences an engagement, appearing in some of his most popular rots, including his sketch of "The Streets of New York.

MR. WASH. NORTON, the well known jig and wench dancer, prima donna, end man, and song and dance man, who has been in foreign countries for several years with the Christy's Minstrels, expects to arrive in this country during the present month, and is open for an engagement with a first class minstrel band. Letters may be addressed to him care of this office as per advertisement in another part of this paper. A letter from Mr. Norton will also be found in our "Miscellaneous" department.

LEAVITT'S MINSTRELS are playing through the principal towns on Cape Cod, Massachusetts. They were at Nantucket, on April 19th; Dennisport, 20th, and Chatham, 21st.

SHARPLEY AND PASTOR'S COMBINATION party performed in Cleveland, Ohio, last week, to good business. The *Herald* of that city speaks of the boys as follows:—"One of the best minstrel entertainments that has been offered our citizens for years, was that of the above combination at Brainard's Hall last evening. Sam Sharpley was never connected with a poor or even a *mediocre* troupe, and this is the best that he has ever been instrumental in bringing before the public. There is no part of the entertainment but what is first class. The singing, both comic and sentimental, in the first part, is of a high order, and their jokes are spiced with originality and point, as they could scarcely fail to be with the inimitable Sharpley and Dougherty on the 'ends.' In the second part there is a pleasing variety. The clog and eccentric dancing of Sheridan and Mack was splendid. Billy Pastor in his pastoral pastimes and curious comicalities brought down the house at every appearance. Dougherty gave a logical and profound dissertation on men and manners. One of the most interesting features of the entertainment was the performances of the champion skater, Mr. Alfred Noe, on parlor skates. His evolutions were graceful and wonderful, and his imitation of a beginner was ludicrous but entirely natural, as we have a somewhat distant but most vivid remembrance. The grand combination will appear again to-night."

HAVERLY AND SANDS' MINSTRELS and acrobatic troupe, consisting of Dick Sands, J. H. Haverly, Charley Benedict, George Mankin, Harry Campbell, C. M. Torney, Prof. Echart, F. De Abbott, H. N. Bowers and others, appeared at Jackson Hall, Jackson, Mich., on April 23d, 24th and 25th.

BROOKER AND CLAYTON'S GEORGIA (COLORED BAND) MINSTRELS gave two performances at Scranton, Pa., last week, of which a correspondent says:—"They attracted the largest audiences congregated here for some months; ten minutes after performances commenced, there was scarcely standing room to be obtained. Slatter and Fields are first rate end men. A. Mallory, the balladist, is as sweet a singer as Mr. Chas. Henry, of Bryants'. His ballads of 'Come Home, Father' and 'I'm Lonely Since my Mother Died,' were sung splendidly, and loudly applauded. J. A. Brooker sang 'Take me Home,' in good style. C. B. Hicks sang 'The Slave's Dream' capitally, although he was laboring under a severe cold; he was called upon the stage to repeat it, but declined. Take the Georgia Minstrels all in all they are nearly as good a band as any traveling."

SAM. SHARPLEY'S AND TONY PASTOR'S CONSOLIDATION opened at Brainard's Hall, Cleveland, Ohio, on April 23d, remaining four nights. They played to crowded houses every night. Our correspondent "Stumps" says:—"Every minstrel troupe that Sam. Sharpley has been at the head of has always been considered first class; but the present troupe is superior to any he has been instrumental in bringing before the public. The singing, dancing, jokes, &c., are all good. Billy Pastor, in his comical pastimes, is inimitable. A pleasing feature of the programme is the performance of Alfred Noe on parlor skates. The easy grace with which he accomplishes many of his evolutions shows him to be master of the art skatorial."

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS are jogging along in the far West, meeting with a succession of good houses. On April 25th, they opened in Dubuque, Iowa, to a crowded house, at 75 and 50 cents admission. The boys are said to be enjoying themselves shooting Prairie chickens and fishing during the day, and at night holding high carnival in burnt cork before delighted audiences.

J. B. MURPHY will make a note of an advertisement in this issue.

Music Halls.

MARK GRAYSON put in an appearance last week at the American, Albany, appearing in his show piece called "Irish Hearts of 1866." He also recited "Drake's Address to the American Flag." He remains this week, producing his new local drama called "Albany by Gaslight." The variety company engaged there consists of James Maguire, Reddy Hughes, Joe Woods, Miss Morton, Miss Jamison, and others.

THINGS are reported as being lively at the Detroit Varieties the past week, where they were doing the "Dumb Girl of Genoa;" Nellie Howard as Julietta, Harry Clifford as Strapado, J. S. Edwards as Antonio, O. W. Blake as Moco, and Fanny Archer as Corvenio. Mrs. O. W. Blake made her re-appearance on Monday (23d) as Jessie Grey, and met with a fine reception.

THE CONTINENTAL, Boston, has been leased by Albert Casredy for a brief season. He commences operations next week with a variety company.

IN COURT.—Manager Peterson, of the Palace Varieties, Cincinnati, has been sued by Leonora Creed, a *danseuse*, to recover five weeks' salary, she having contracted to serve for that time, and having been discharged at the expiration of five days for refusing to appear in the *ballet*.

SEVERAL NEW FACES made their appearance at the Varieties Theatre, Cleveland, on the 23d. Misses Lizzie Mitchell and Jennie Ward are reported as taking well with the *habitues* of this place of resort. The negro comicalities and banjo solos of Johnny Judge and the clog dancing of Master Jimmy are well spoken of.

THE BUFFALO VARIETIES, after many days of ill luck, has fallen into the hands of Williams and Platt, who promise to improve matters. Buffalo will support a saloon of the kind if managed judiciously, and if, once in a while, a new star is introduced. Add. Weaver is at present the reigning favorite. N. B. Shimmer is about the managerial pilot. The rest of the company are about the same as was engaged under the old management.

MORA. ALEX. NEUVILLE AND MISS ROSINE closed in Cleveland, Ohio, at the Varieties, on April 25th, and are this week in Buffalo.

AT TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES THEATRE, Pittsburgh, business has felt a slight depression, in consequence of the many attractions now in the city. The company at present consists of Nellie Taylor, Maggie Vernon, Billy Holmes, Johnny Thompson, Frank Kearns, Hugh Fitzgerald and J. J. Dougherty, who handles Webster and the whole English vocabulary in such a way as to provoke a smile even from the stoical "old Morose" himself. As any one acquainted with the ropes can easily perceive, the company at present at the Varieties is a good one. Billy Holmes was up for a ben. on the 27th.

TOM RUSSELL, comic singer, was to have made his *debut* at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, on the 23d ult.

MISS LAGRANGE, said to be a very good characteristic vocalist and *danseuse*, made a successful appearance at the Canterbury, Washington, last week.

FANNY GILMORE commenced at the Palace Varieties, Cincinnati, on April 23d.

THE WASHINGTONIANS have "Carleton" on the brain. He is becoming, we are told, a proverbiality amongst them. He is spoken of there as being totally different in style to any they know, and altogether original. In consequence of his success, he has been re-engaged by Mr. Lea.

Amateur.

THE NEAFIE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Newark, N. J., gave an entertainment on the 26th ult., in Green Street Hall, to a good house. The bill of the evening was the drama of the "Ticket of Leave Man." Our correspondent says:—"Mr. E. W. Curtis as Robert Brierly was poor; the character is too much for him; Miss Eva Preston made a very good May Edwards; Frank Howard as Jim Dalton was passible; Hawkshaw the Detective was carefully rendered by Mr. J. B. Seaver; the character of Sam by Tommy Breeman was the feature of the evening. The entertainment closed with a social hop."

Circuses.

SHOW FOLKS IN GEORGIA.—Haight & Chambers' United Circus is moving along in the Sunny South, as we learn by a letter dated Atlanta, Geo., April 24th. Our correspondent says:—"Perhaps you would like to hear something of the show biz. down here in the land of 'shoat and corn dodger' *par excellence*. The representatives of Haight & Chambers' United Circus made their first grand procession in this place yesterday, creating a greater *furore*, if possible, than that of Sherman's some time ago, the only difference being he taking the town by *strategy*, we by *storm*, for it did storm as if heaven and earth were at loggerheads; nevertheless the receipts last night amounted to about $1500. The arena being lighted up with fluid, together with big, fat Ben McGinley's gas—the only legitimate son of Momus in the biz.—disclosed to our gaze hundreds upon hundreds of the fair damsels of the Sunny South, together with the bone and sinew, making it a spectacle not often seen in this country. Talk of receptions, the biggest I ever saw was on the appearance of big, fat Ben, or 228 lbs., as he is more commonly known with us, and allow me to say that he did credit to himself, being inspired by his patron saint, Saint Patrick, as I believe. Some of the laurels were carried away by Cary also, another witty son of Momus; not forgetting the beautiful equestrienne, Mlle. Marie, whose grace, skill and symmetry of form created the most astonishing admiration. The leap through the 20in. diameter hoop (she being the only one in this country who executes the feat, I believe), was witnessed with breathless anxiety, followed with thunders of applause. John Naylor, the ring master; Barney Carroll, Bliss Family, Feranti Huber, Prentice, and others, did credit to themselves. As for the managers, too much cannot be said in their praise, their untiring devotion to the comfort of their patrons, &c.; but you will have the pleasure of seeing one of them in a few days. Stop, I beg pardon; we have an *India rubber* performer, once known in your place, at Hooley's, by the name of Billy Manning. I call him the limber man, because he has a *penchant* for twisting himself around the hearts of the audience, and getting away with them every time; he is the gentlemanly manager of the side show, yet you would think, to hear and see him, that he was one of the 'main guys.'"

CASTELLO & CO.'S CIRCUS was to have left St. Louis on the 23d April, for Washington, Mo.; Jefferson City, 24th; Tipton, 25th; Sadalia, 26th; Warrensburg, 27th; Pleasant Hill, 28th; Independence, 30th; Kansas City, May 1st and 2d. The troupe comprises Mr. and Mrs. Dan Castello; Ferd. Tournaire, Kate Ormond, Tony Watson, Ted. Holloway, Hannor and Powers, Lehman, H. Nichols, J. D. Craig, Wolcott, Tom Burgess and Herr Tingle. Concert party consists of Tim Woodruff, John Stout, David Williams, Johnny Reading, Tim Hays and Fanny Weaver. Side Show—Bearded lady, "What is it?" Circassian boy, Sword swallower, and other curiosities.

THE UNION HOUSE, New Haven, Conn., is recommended as *the* hotel of that city, where politeness characterises the proprietor and all connected with it. See a showman's card in another column.

HAIGHT AND CHAMBERS' CIRCUS exhibited in Atlanta, Geo., the first three days last week.

DAN RICE'S CIRCUS exhibits in Lancaster, Pa., on the 3d inst.

S. B. HOWES' MAMMOTH EUROPEAN CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE appear on Bel Air lot, Baltimore, on the 21st inst.

LIPMAN & STOKES' CIRCUS is billed ahead as follows:—Portsmouth, Ohio, May 1st; Ironton, 2d; Guyandotte, 3d; Gallipolis, 4th; Pomeroy, 5th; Parkersburg, 7th; Marietta, 8th; and Wheeling, Va., 9th and 10th.

CIRCUS AFFRAY.—Jno. Robinson's Circus, while exhibiting in Crittenden, Ky., April 25th, had a little disturbance with a gang of ruffians, who made a deadly assault upon some of the performers because they would not be allowed to pass in free. The gang numbered over twenty men, all armed, but they did not anticipate so warm a reception as they received. The circus men fought desperately with hatchets, not having prepared for a skirmish, and succeeded in severely wounding five or six of their assailants. The wounded men were carried into the hotel of the place, where their wounds were dressed by physicians to whom they were known, and they were removed before daylight. Who they are, and where they are, is known to many, but to no one who has the courage to give the information to the authorities. The outlaws, we learn, are, for the most part, returned rebel soldiers, or rather raiders. They call themselves the "Regulators," and it is their special business to regulate the negroes, causing a reign of terror such that the freed people are held in awe, not venturing from one farm to another, and by no means presuming to leave a man for whom they are at work. The persons who attacked the circus are well known about Crittenden. They go up and down the country at pleasure, and make themselves at home wherever they are, never paying for what they take, consuming and destroying according to their humor. They had boasted that Robinson's Circus should not give an exhibition in Crittenden, and made a disturbance expressly to spoil the show. No one of the circus boys was killed, but a bullet from a revolver wounded Mr. James Roberis—a canvas man.

THE OLYMPIC, (Hippotheatron) St. Louis, opened on Monday evening, 23d inst., to a crowded house, full two thousand people being comfortably seated, and all the available standing room being at a premium; so writes our correspondent "Parquette," who adds: "An opening address was delivered in an able manner by L. M. Shreve, Esq., of this city, at the conclusion of which the grand *entree* was made under the supervision of that pioneer of sawdust, Levi J. North. The performance passed off in the happiest manner, the principal features being the truly astonishing feats of the Hanlon Brothers, young North's double pony act, and the contortions of Master Frank Ashton, the boneless child. Jim Ward, as clown, excited a great deal of mirth during the evening; he bids fair to become a great favorite with the patrons of the Olympic. The building, in point of architecture and finish, is said to be the most beautiful structure of the kind in the United States."

A TREASURER and an Advertiser are wanted for a circus company about to start from this city. For particulars see advertisement.

O. P. PERRY'S BAND can be engaged for the season by addressing Mr. Perry, as per advertisement elsewhere.

Miscellaneous.

A PIANIST desires a situation with a traveling company, or in a music hall. *Vide* advertisement.

HO! FOR THE CATTSKILLS.—A lady and gentleman—good ballad singers, or the latter a comic singer—are wanted for a trip through the region of the Cattskill Mountains, to commence at an early day. This will be made a pleasant and remunerative trip for those possessing the proper qualifications. Inquire of us for further particulars, or communications addressed to "Cattskill," and sent to the CLIPPER office, will receive due attention.

SUMMER'S coming, clad in robes of living green, and Somers coming, with his theatrical and fancy shoes. J. Somers, who supplies theatrical people, show people, dancers, &c., with fancy shoes, is about to remove from his old stand 129 Third Avenue to 270 Bowery, as will be seen by his card among our advertisements.

THE HAGER BROTHERS, double clog dancers, can be engaged through their agent, D. H. Brush. See card.

MACEVOY'S HIBERNICON was on exhibition at Garrett's Hall, Cleveland, Ohio, last week. The hall is said to have been filled to overflowing every evening.

THE CHORAL UNION ASSOCIATION, consisting of thirty gentlemen and ladies, gave a musical entertainment at Partridge's Hall, Logansport, Ind., on April 21st, to a large and well satisfied audience. A correspondent says:—"The principal feature of the evening was the singing by Miss Mary Thackarah, who possesses a voice of unusual sweetness and great power."

TWOMBLY'S COMBINATION exhibited at Logansport, Ind., on April 21st and 23d.

THE LUBIN BROTHERS—astrologers, conjurors, and magicians—were giving "diabolique" entertainments in Baltimore during the past week. As an interesting item of news to other magicians, we copy the following "special notice" from the programmes issued by Edward and Jerome Lubin:—"The Brothers Lubin may well be called the Gamaiels of Magic. It was from their teachings that Anderson, Herman, McAllister, Allyne, and other Necromancers well known to fame, derived that mysterious intelligence which seems to embody them with a supernatural existence. But above them all in wonder and amazement are the unapproachable Lubins. Around them is shrouded a mystery that no earthly science or philosophy can remove."

A VOICE FROM NEW ZEALAND.—The NEW YORK CLIPPER has its readers and its correspondents in all parts of the habitable world; wherever the showman or the lover of sporting affairs may be found, there also you will find the CLIPPER. The following is a letter from Wash. Norton, well known in this city, as well as in Boston and elsewhere. He is about returning to "home, sweet home," after an absence of some five years. However, read his letter:—"NEW ZEALAND, Feb. 7th, 1866. Albion Hotel, Christ Church. DEAR FRANK:—I dare say you will be surprised at hearing of my intention to return home, but the fact is, I am sick of traveling, and am anxious to settle down; so I intend taking a 'farewell' benefit here this week, previous to my departure for the 'Happy land of Canaan.' If you remember, I left New York two days before Lincoln took his seat. I was connected with Ordway's Æolians, in Boston, and previous to my departure for England, was with the Bryants', also Hooley and Campbell's Minstrels, &c.....I send you per this mail New Zealand and Australian papers.....The Lenton Troupe are in New Zealand.....Lady Don is at Dunedin.....Mr. and Mrs. Heine, the blind violinist and wife, are in Wellington.....The Christy's Minstrels are in Wanganui, *minus* your humble servant, and the Lyster Opera Company are finishing their season in Melbourne. .....Professor Stevens' English Troupe are here, performing with great success.....Cooke, Zoyara & Wilson's Circus has just arrived in Auckland from San Francisco.....Paul Maxey died in Sydney. He was better known in the States as Max Irwin..... I saw Tom Lenton yesterday; he wished to be kindly remembered to you.....Joe Brown is at the Princess Theatre, in Melbourne.....Collins and Abecco, the harp player, have just concluded their engagement at the Victoria, Sydney....Tom Lenton is going to India and China at the conclusion of his New Zealand tour.....Hoping on my arrival to find you and all my friends in good health, I am yours, sincerely, WASH. NORTON."

ANY INFORMATION of Joseph Whitaker, balladist, will be thankfully received by his brother, Henry Whitaker, at 104 S. Charles street, Baltimore, Md.

ALLYNE'S GIFT SHOW was at Great Falls, N. H., on April 25th and 26th, and William Hayward and Prof. Woodward were there on April 27th.

ASSOCIATION HALL, Albany, N. Y., can be rented for traveling exhibitions of first class character. The hall is centrally located, and well adapted for showmen. For particulars, see advertisement.

THE LUBIN BROTHERS are doing fairly at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore.

DR. COLTON is giving "Laughing Gas" entertainments in Cincinnati.

W. B. HARRISON, extemporaneous vocalist, is traveling east, with a concert party. Any one wishing to communicate with him, can address him care of this office, as instructed in an advertisement elsewhere.

NORWOOD, THE FAKIR, gave one entertainment at City Hall, Pittsburgh, on the 24th ult, and although his circulars announced three subsequent ones, there was nary a sub., and Norwood and the huge hog (which adorned his bills), were *non est*, the result of an absence of stamps in the box office.

ANNA DICKENSON gave a lecture at City Hall, Pittsburgh, on Monday, 23d ult. Subject.—"My policy," which she handled in a regular, Caudle style of strong minded maidenhood. Verily the days of blushing womanhood are defunct.

THE BANJO is taught by John Bogan, at his residence, 131 East Houston street also, Ethiopian jig, clog and burlesque dancing. For particulars, see his advertisement in another part of this paper.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE opened at Nebraska City, N. T., on April 23d, for three days. This week they are in Leavenworth, Kansas, and next week go to Hannibal, Mo.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

DELMON GRACE was at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, England, the week ending April 14th. He was playing Uncle Ebenezer Dolittle in "Guilty or Not Guilty."

"THEODORA, ACTRESS AND EMPRESS," the new five act drama written by Watts Phillips for Avonia Jones, was produced at the New Surrey Theatre, London, on April 9th. There is much, it is said, in the writing that is terse and effective, and the plot is well worked out. The play also has the merit of being strictly original, that is to say, it is not founded on any drama, but has been invented by Mr. Phillips direct from the historical or legendary works. The author has not solved the difficulty so often felt and so seldom conquered, of uniting a strong domestic interest to a grand historical story. There is a true interest in the story, and in parts it is well brought out; but the grand political events, and the pomp and splendor with which they are portrayed, seem to dwarf the domestic story. When the play comes to be cut and brought more together, and the actors get more familiar with their parts, it is possible the sentimental and intellectual portion may come out stronger. Miss Jones was called before the curtain several times.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY FOX, negro delineators, were at last advices performing at the Scotia Music Hall, Glasgow, Scotland.

ANOTHER VERSION of "East Lynne" is in preparation at the Grecian Theatre, London.

FECHTER was announced to appear as Hamlet on April 21st, in London, to be followed shortly after by a new version of the "Corsican Brothers."

LYDIA THOMPSON has been playing in burlesque at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, with success.

EDWIN MARBLE is managing the Theatre Royal, Limerick.

J. B. HOWE and Helen Faucit commenced an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, Eng., on April 9th.

"L' AFRICAINE" has netted for the first hundred nights in Paris the sum of 1,060,000 francs. The authors received 500 francs per night.

G. COPPIN made his *debut* in Melbourne, Australia, since his trip to this country with the Keans, on Feb. 17th, in "Milky White." At the close of the piece he was called before the curtain, when he made a speech, stating that he had engaged G. V. Brooke, John Collins, Mary Provost, Lydia Thompson—the handsomest and best burlesque actress in England—Troupe of Bohemian Glass Blowers, Mr. Fuller—the Parlor Skater—Mad. Celeste, Mad. Anna Bishop, Wilson's California Circus, and E. A. Sothern, all of whom would appear in Australia under his management. He has leased Polytechnic Hall, in Melbourne, for the purpose of introducing some of his novelties.

CHARLOTTE WYETTE, an American actress, is playing Mazeppa at the Pavilion Theatre, London.

EGYPTIAN DANCERS.—A packet boat expected at Marseilles from Alexandria will bring over a dozen or sixteen Egyptian female dancers, who have been hired, or more properly, bought, at the last fair at Fanta. This entirely new style of cargo is destined for one of the great Paris theatres—that of the Porte St. Martin.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, (G. J. Wilson party), with Eugene and Unsworth in the concern, commenced a short stay in Liverpool, Eng., at St. James' Hall, on April 2d.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
LESSEE AND MANAGER.....WM. WHEATLEY.
Doors open at 7½; commence at 8.
In accordance with the universal wish, and to afford accommodation to the crowds who nightly throng the theatre, the Manager has the pleasure to announce that the admirable play entitled
INGOMAR,
in which
MISS BATEMAN
has created such a marked impression as the pure and beautiful
PARTHENIA,
Will be performed
EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK,
supported by
MR. J. C. COWPER....as the Barbarian Chief.....INGOMAR
The piece mounted with NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SCENERY, CORRECT AND PICTURESQUE COSTUMES, &c., &c.
ON SATURDAY, MAY 5,
AT ONE O'CLOCK,
FIRST GRAND PARTHENIA MATINEE.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manageress.....Mrs. John Wood
Stage Manager.....J. H. Selwyn
LAST NIGHTS! LAST NIGHTS!
Notwithstanding the UNEQUALLED SUCCESS which for five weeks has drawn
CROWDED HOUSES
to witness the interesting Romantic Drama, surpassing all previous OLYMPIC SPECTACLES, from the French of Alex. Dumas, entitled
THE THREE GUARDSMEN,
presented with
MAGNIFICENT SCENERY! BEAUTIFUL MUSIC! AND UNEQUALLED CAST OF CHARACTERS,
it is necessary, on account of arrangements having been made for the production of
ANOTHER STARTLING NOVELTY,
to announce that this most attractive production
MUST SHORTLY BE WITHDRAWN,
and seats should be secured early to witness the
LAST PERFORMANCES.
Doors open at 7¼. Curtain rises at 8.

WOOD'S THEATRE.
ADMISSION, 50 CENTS.
Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
EVERY EVENING, AND WEDNESDAY MATINEE,
THE WORRELL SISTERS (Sophie, Irene, and Jennie),
MADAME STREBINGER, and a full company, embracing many PUBLIC FAVORITES, in the scrio-comic Extravaganza, in two acts, entitled the
ELVES; OR, THE STATUE BRIDE.
Characters by the Misses Worrell, Miss Lucia Dean, Mr. E. Wright, Miss Alice Seidler, M. W. Leffingwell, Welsh Edwards, G. C. Davenport, etc., etc.
In the course of the piece, SONGS, PAS DE DEUX, DUETTS, HORNPIPES, DANCES, and
GRAND PAS DE ELVES, by MADAME STREBINGER and CORPS DE BALLET.
The performance will commence with
NAN, THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.
NAN.....MISS JENNIE WORRELL
Seats may be secured in advance. 4-tf

WINTER GARDEN.
BRILLIANT SUCCESS
OF THE ORIGINAL
IRISH BOY AND YANKEE GIRL,
MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
who will appear on
MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 30,
in an entire change of bill
Commencing with the beautiful Irish drama, entitled
ALL HALLOW EVE; OR, SNAP-APPLE NIGHT.
RODY O'CONNOR.....Mr. BARNEY WILLIAMS
KITTY KILLEEN.....Mrs. BARNEY WILLIAMS
After which the comedy, entitled
YANKEE COURTSHIP.
Mrs. BARNEY WILLIAMS.....as.....OUR JEMIMA
Concluding with the roaring farce of the
IRISH TIGERS.
PADDY RYAN.....Mr. BARNEY WILLIAMS
In preparation and will shortly be produced, with entirely new scenery, the beautiful Irish drama of
THE CONNIE SOOGAH.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
SOLE PROPRIETOR.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
Engagement for six nights only with
MR. W. TANNER,
Who has just arrived from Europe with his
WONDERFUL TROUPE OF EDUCATED DOGS AND MONKEYS,
all of whom will appear in a
GRAND ENTERTAINMENT,
as performed before all the
CROWNED HEADS
Of Europe.
Immense success of the new burlesque of
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New scenery and magnificent effects.
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Friday evening, benefit of Mr. WALTER GRISDALE.

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A GRAND ROMANTIC DRAMA,
INTERESTING, EXCITING, SENSATIONAL.
EVERY AFTERNOON AT 2. EVENING AT 7½.
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NEW AND SPLENDID SCENIC EFFECTS,
NOVEL MECHANICAL APPLIANCES, APPROPRIATE APPOINTMENTS AND COSTUMES.
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THE INFANT DRUMMER, FOUR YEARS OLD.
THE AUSTRALIAN LIVING BIRD SHOW,
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THREE-HORNED BULL. TWO NYLGHAUS.
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100,000 Curiosities.
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AMUSEMENTS.

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CAN AT ALL TIMES PROCURE ENGAGEMENTS
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WANTED--For the second Monday in May, for one of the first Theatres in Boston, Mass., an entire VARIETY COMPANY, consisting in part of Pantomimists, Premier Danseuses, Corps de Ballet, two good Lady Vocalists (one to sing serio comic songs), Ballet Master, two Acrobats, four Ethiopian Comedians, besides any first class novelty or speciality will be engaged for a short season. None but FIRST CLASS NEED APPLY, to
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OFFICE,....25 WEST HOUSTON STREET, NEW YORK CITY.
The above named firm would most respectfully announce that they will be prepared with unsurpassed facilities, and intend to commence, as above, May 1st, 1866.
All engagements or business negotiated through this Agency will be strictly confidential between the manager and the artist, and for a set sum, according to an established scale of fees on a classification of business, to be paid on every engagement so made.
Managers and Artists can rely on the utmost dispatch with all business entrusted to our care.
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YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION HALL, Albany, N. Y., will be let for Concerts and Exhibitions of a first-class character on reasonable terms. Address D. ADAMS,
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ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Milwaukee, Wis.,
May be rented for Concerts, Minstrels, Lectures, and entertainments (not dramatic), from middle of June to end of August.
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We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line. A liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN,
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No. 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

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MECHANICS' HALL.....472 Broadway, above Grand street
NEIL AND DAN BRYANT.....Proprietors
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Under the direction of the popular comedian,
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Who will nightly appear in conjunction with Messrs.

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In a brilliant variety of New Songs, Choruses, Dances, Farces, Burlesque Sketches, Operatic and Plantation Scenes.
Parquet, 50 cents; Gallery, 30 cents; Private Boxes, $5. 1-tf

THE GREAT CONSOLIDATED
SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,
THE FAMOUS IRON-CLADS,
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TONY PASTOR'S COMBINATION,
United in
ONE GRAND ENTERTAINMENT,
Will visit all the principal cities, introducing
A NOVEL AND ATTRACTIVE PROGRAMME,
Embodying the efforts of
TWENTY-FIVE POPULAR ARTISTS,
under the immediate supervision and direction of
MR. SAM SHARPLEY,
who will appear in person at each and every performance, in his LATEST AND FRESHEST
COMIC PRODUCTIONS.
TONY PASTOR, SAM SHARPLEY, } Proprietors.
ALLINSON & COOKE, Advertisers. 49-tf

NOTICE TO THEATRICAL MANAGERS.
SHAMUS O'BRIEN,
THE BOULD BOY OF GLENGALL,
an original Irish drama, in three acts, written expressly for
MR. DAN BRYANT,
by Thos. B. McDonough and Fred G. Maeder, Esqs.

Entered according to the act of Congress in the year 1864, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York. Managers of theatres throughout the United States permitting the above piece to be played without first having my written consent, will be prosecuted according to law. [49-tf] DAN BRYANT.

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Have you heard of the DUBLIN BOY? that rousing Clog and Irish Jig Dancer, who has just arrived, and is desirous of an engagement? He is not a botch, like the most of them nowadays. He is just the boy that can do it, and do it up in style. Managers can be assured of a good card and a guarantee of satisfaction, or no go.
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T. W. SEAVER.....Sole Proprietor
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GLORIOUS SUCCESS
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EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
CROWDED HOUSES! DELIGHTED AUDIENCES!
The Parquet a BRILLIANT DISPLAY of
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LOOK AT THE ARRAY OF TALENT.

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MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,
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NEW GRANITE HALL,
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This Hall, having a seating capacity of 1,500, has been lately erected, to rent for Minstrels, Concerts, Panoramas, &c. The stage is fitted up for dramatic purposes. Apply to G. W. RICKER, or H. S. OSGOOD, Augusta, Me. 1-7t*

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Situations open for all lines of business. Also for Prompter, Scenic Artist, Orchestral Leader, Stage Carpenter, Costumer, Property Man, etc. Apply to M. E. FLANAGAN & CO., St. Louis.
As it is the intention to ignore the starring system, artistes of merit will recognize the opportunity this establishment will afford of a clear field for the gratification of a laudable professional ambition. 3-tf

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A Lady to play Star Engagements in first class
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Must be a good dresser; must be well up in the business. Will pay salary or will share equal.
Salary secured if required. Address
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ORRIN & SEBASTIAN'S CALIFORNIA CIRCUS.
This firm dissolved Partnership at Maracaibo, South America, on the 26th of March, 1866, by mutual consent.
ORRIN & SEBASTIAN.
The above firm, in future, will be known as ORRIN & SONS' CALIFORNIA CIRCUS. 3-tf

DRAMATIC AGENT.--A young lady of some Dramatic experience, contemplating a theatrical tour, would like to secure the services of some smart business man as agent.
4-1t* Address THISBE, Station D, Bible House.

MISS ANNA LEVERING,
LEADING LADY at the Academy of Music, Rochester, N. Y., will make an engagement for the season of 1866-7. All letters to be addressed as above. 4-4t*

GROVER'S WASHINGTON THEATRE for rent by the night or week to
FIRST CLASS ENTERTAINMENTS,
after May 21st, or sharing terms offered to responsible parties. For particulars, address D. A. STRONG,
4-4t Agent for L. Grover & Co.

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"JUVENILE TRAGEDY"
FOR THE SEASON OF 1866 AND '67. Address
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575 ODD FELLOWS.....PROPRIETORS.
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THAT HUMOROUS WATSON,
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can be engaged for the next season after the 8th May.
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EDWARD BERRY.....Lessee and Manager
This magnificent Theatre is now open for the Spring and Summer season with the Company attached to Pike's Opera House at the time of its destruction. First class talent liberally treated with, and stars who had time at the Opera House can fill the same, as per contract, at the above house, which has facilities second to none in the country. Apply as above. 52-5t*

HARRY CLIFFORD,
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1-4t* Address Clipper Office.

A CARD.
MRS. WILKINS
is open for an engagement for Leading Heavy and First Comedy Old Women, as played by her with Mr. Edwin Booth, during his engagement at the Winter Garden. Managers will please address
MRS. WILKINS,
2-tf Care of Mr. Stuart, Winter Garden.

MR. JOHN C. BARCLAY, the Contortionist or INDIA RUBBER MAN AND SLACK WIRE PERFORMER, is open for an engagement for the traveling season.
2-3t* Address the CLIPPER Office, for J. C. BARCLAY.

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SHOW PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
Will resume business on the
FIRST OF JUNE, 1866,
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In the United States.
CUTS FOR EVERYBODY AND EVERYTHING,
ENTIRELY NEW.
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R. B. KENT'S Theatrical Hosiery,
NO. 344 BOWERY, N. Y.,
FORMERLY GARNER'S ESTABLISHMENT,
Will remove, on May 1st, to
NO. 202 BOWERY, N. Y.,
47-3m* Between Prince and Spring streets.

SHOWMEN ATTENTION.
I have on hand the following, which I will sell cheap for cash: A lot of
WAX FIGURES,
Comprising Gen. Burnside, Siamese Twins, Gen. Taylor, Miss McCree, Two Indians, Dr. Kane, and Mrs. Surratt and Daughter.
Also one
GLASS STEAM ENGINE,
The largest piece of glass work ever made; also, a sett of Automaton Figures, and a beautiful Diorama of the Merrimac and Monitor, all in complete order. Those meaning business can address G. K. GOODWIN,
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TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.
I have a Curiosity which I wish to send out this season, and want a privilege to run a small Canvas with a first class Circus or Menagerie.
State lowest terms for the season, and address
G. K. GOODWIN,
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MATT. ROSTON,
The only man that throws a Double-Somersault backwards, and Contortionist and Slack Rope Performer, can be engaged for the season, or for two weeks, by responsible managers, by addressing MATT. ROSTON,
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NOTICE TO MANAGERS AND PROPRIETORS.
A young man of nineteen years wishes to be attached to a Concert Hall or a traveling Minstrel Troupe, or a Theatre. Can do utility in Ethiopian or Theatrical business. Wages of no particular object at first, as he wishes to make it his business, and is willing to make himself generally useful. Address
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NOTICE TO THE ETHIOPIAN PROFESSION.
RE-ORGANIZATION OF THE OLD AND POPULAR
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The undersigned is now re-organizing his once popular minstrel company, for a tour through the South and West. The company will be organized immediately. First class reliable performers (and none others,) desiring permanent engagements, will address GEORGE KUNKEL,
Manager Kunkel's Nightingale Opera Troupe.
2-3t* Baltimore, Md.

SKIFF & GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS.
THE MODEL MINSTREL ORGANIZATION OF THE WORLD.
Now on their return from the West, after one of the
MOST BRILLIANT SEASONS
ever experienced by any Traveling Company in this country.
Acknowledged by the entire Western Press to be the best Company ever seen in the West. The Company is now enlarged, and includes TWENTY-TWO PERFORMERS,
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SKIFF & GAYLORD, Proprietors.
M. T. SKIFF, Manager.
L. M. W. STEERE, Agent. 2-tf

ANNOUNCEMENT.
THE FALL AND WINTER SEASON
Having closed at the Chestnut Street Theatre, April 14th,
MR. FRANK MORDAUNT
is ready to negotiate with Managers for long or short engagements. Also,
MRS. F. MORDAUNT,
Chambermaids.
Address MARKOE HOUSE,
3-2t Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

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Tony Pastor, at his Opera House,
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C. T. Parsloe, Jr., James Wambold, James Gaynor, Miss Lotta, Dan Bryant,
AND MANY OTHERS, TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION.
PLAIN PROFESSIONAL BANJO, 14 HOOKS,
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Neatly Veneered and Rosewood, Polished Brass Rim, with 16 hooks, $25.
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ANY OF THE ABOVE BANJOS SENT ON RECEIPT OF THE PRICE.

GEORGE C. DOBSON'S NEW COPYRIGHTED METHOD—which is very simple—a child can understand it thoroughly after a few moments' study. It is not by the tedious system of notes, but a simple, easy method, equally effective. THIS METHOD, FULLY EXPLAINED, WITH TWENTY-FIVE POPULAR AIRS, SENT TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF EIGHT DOLLARS.

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IN ONE QUARTER'S LESSONS.
Persons desirous of TAKING LESSONS, will please address as follows:—
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Care of Frank Queen,
Clipper Office, New York.

GEORGE C. DOBSON
refers, by permission, to
COL. T. ALSTON BROWN,
Clipper Office.
Address
GEORGE C. DOBSON,
Care of Frank Queen,
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New York.
N. B.
ALL ORDERS PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO. 4-1t

WANTED.--A well broke TRICK HORSE and two VOCALISTS, for a Traveling Show in Canada this season. Address JOHN T. GREENE,
3-2t* Clipper Office.

THE COMEDIAN, HARRY HOTTO,
Will be in Pittsburgh until July 5th. All business communications should be addressed to Box 805, P. O. After that date, Box 61, Morrisania, Westchester Co., N. Y. 3-3m*

TO LET--The Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y., will be let by the day or week during the months of June and July, and part of August. Address by letter,
3-3t* ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Albany, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

MOST POWERFUL ORGANIZATION
IN EXISTENCE.
THIRTEENTH ANNUAL SUCCESSFUL TOUR.
WE ARE COMING AGAIN,
With an entire extraordinary New Programme.
OLDEST TROUPE IN THE WORLD,
Enlarged and improved for the season of 1866 and '67.
Return to the West, the Canadas, and New Orleans, of the great gigantic and incomparable
DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S
Original New Orleans and Metropolitan
MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND,
Appearing in their unrivalled champion
MAMMOTH ETHIOPIAN CONCERTS,
Introducing on this occasion all the latest features in Negro Minstrelsy, by the following famous old favorite Stars of 13 years' standing with this Company:

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C. H. DUPREZ,	BILLY PRESTON,
CALIXA LAVALLEE,	GEORGE MARTIN,
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SAMUEL POND,	FRANK KENT,
CHAS. KOEHL,	J. H. TAYLOR,
WM. WAYNE,	FRANK KRITTA,
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EDWIN HOLMES,	JACOB KOEHL,
GONSALVO BISHOP,	JOHN OTIS.
FRED. HEINDRICH,	

The whole under the immediate auspices and control of DUPREZ & BENEDICT, Proprietors, formerly Duprez & Green. All the above celebrated great Artists will appear positively each night with this Great Troupe, on their return from their triumphant brilliant Eastern tour.
NOTICE.—J. E. Green, formerly a partner in this concern, was disconnected from the Troupe Nov. 11th, 1865, and is now in no way connected with the Company whatever. Any debts contracted by him will be on his own responsibility. Mr. Chas. H. Duprez having bought the entire interest and whole claim of the said J. E. Green, has taken into partnership Mr. Lewis Benedict, the renowned Tamborinist and popular Negro Comedian; hence hereafter the Troupe will be known by the name of DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS.
For full particulars see Mammoth Posters and Programmes. Doors open at 7; to commence at 8 o'clock.
C. H. DUPREZ, Manager. SAM. POND, C. F. SLOCUM, } Agents.
1-tf

MOBILE THEATRE.
Ladies and gentlemen of recognised ability, wishing engagements for the fall and winter season of 1866--7, may address the undersigned at Mobile up to May 20th; after that date at 173 Bleecker street, New York. Letters of application not answered within a reasonable time may be considered declined.
51-10t* ROIG & MACDONOUGH.

GRISWOLD OPERA HOUSE.
This new and elegant Establishment, by far the most complete and best arranged edifice of the kind in this country, will be open after the 20th of April, 1866,
FOR DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS, CONCERTS, LECTURES, MINSTRELS, AND FIRST CLASS
EXHIBITIONS ONLY.
The House contains all the Modern Improvements; is beautifully decorated and frescoed, and brilliantly lighted from the ceiling, thus relieving the auditorium from all obstructions of chandeliers. It has a commodious Stage, 32 by 40, and an extensive stock of handsome Scenery and Drop Curtain complete. The total seating capacity of the House 1,500, with standing room for 500 more, besides 4 Private Boxes. It is one of the best ventilated houses in the country; has convenient Offices and Dressing Rooms, with liberal means of entrance and exit. The entrances, two in number, (if desired,) to the Parquette and Family Circle may be each entirely separate and distinct, or all through one entrance if preferred—having double stairways throughout.
The house will be rented at a stated price per night or week, or opened on shares.
POPULATION OF TROY AND ENVIRONS.
It will be borne in mind that Troy is one of the best Show Cities in the United States. The population of the city proper is 45,000; that of West Troy, directly across the river, (connected with Troy by bridge and two steam ferries,) is 15,000; while Cohoes, Waterford and Lansingburgh contain in the aggregate a population of 25,000; making a total population in Troy and surrounding villages of nearly 90,000 inhabitants. The latter named villages are within a radius of three miles of Troy, and connected therewith by horse railroads.
For terms and particulars, address W. D. VAN ARNUM,
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A First Old Woman, one that won't refuse to play the parts that belong to her. Also, a Brass Band and Orchestra of five or six pieces. Address G. W. HARRISON, Manager,
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This Hall,
BUILT REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE,
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Ample Dressing accommodations adjoining the Stage.
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A desirable Leading Lady, is now open for a Spring and Summer engagement. Address Leavenworth Theatre, Kansas. 3-2t*

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This new and commodious Hall having a seating capacity for 1000 persons, is to rent for Theatrical or Minstrel companies, Lectures or Panoramas for $10 per night, or $50 per week.
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Will seat twelve hundred persons. Stage fitted up with full sett of Scenery, Foot Lights, etc.
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First class Curiosities treated with on liberal terms. All communications addressed as above. 49-tf

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WANTED—First class Dramatic and Variety Artists for the
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which establishment now combines the Dramatic with the Variety Entertainment.
Two LEADING DANSEUSES, 10 first class BALLET GIRLS, can find a steady engagement for the balance of the season.
Sensation Stars liberally treated with for two or four weeks.
The PALACE has just closed its second year of successful career, and under the present management bids fair to eclipse anything in America of the kind.
The most liberal salaries are promptly paid to those who rank as the best in the profession. Address
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February 26th, 1866. 48-3m*

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LESSEE & MANAGER.....T. E. MILLS.
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All applications in respect to engagements for this
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Parties desiring to lease the Royal Lyceum, can address as above